



No. 309.—Vol. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
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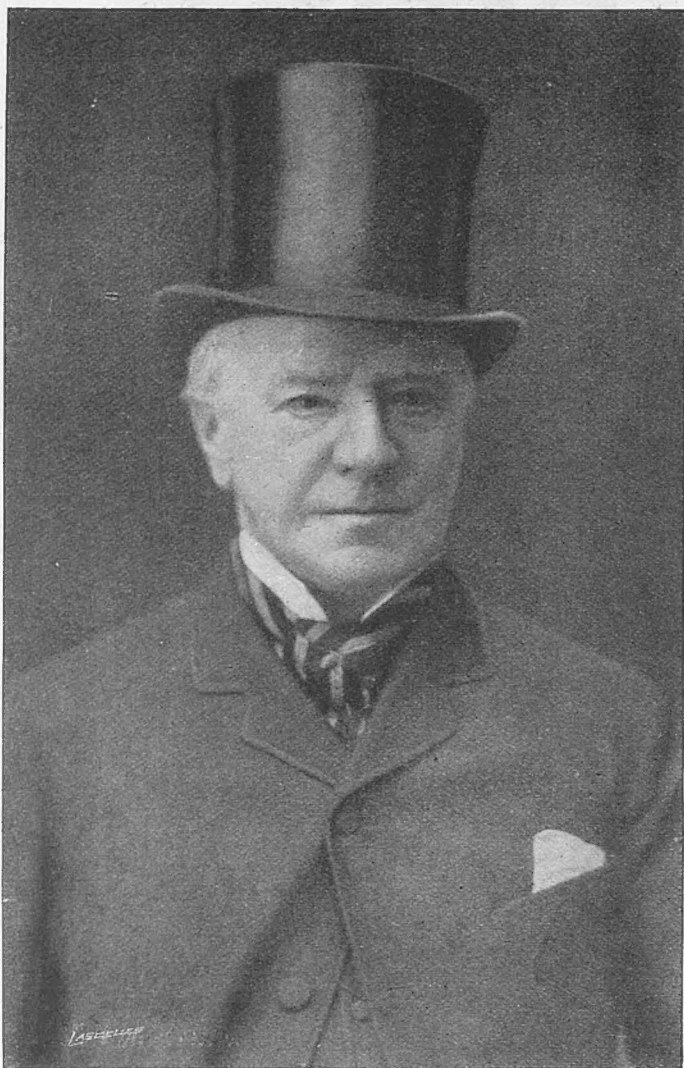


[Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.]

THE FRIEND OF THE PRINCE—AND THE 'BUSMEN.

Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild (born in Vienna 1839, died at Waddesdon Manor Dec. 17, 1898) was a member of the British Parliament, a Baron of the Austrian Empire, and cousin of Lord Rothschild. He was a warm friend of the London 'busmen, who mourned his death by draping their whips with a band of crape side by side with the Rothschild colours.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS RISES.



SIR HENRY HAWKINS IN EVERYDAY COSTUME.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

Having practised law for fifty years and sat on the Bench for twenty-two, the veteran of eighty-one retires into private life, which *The Sketch* hopes he may long adorn. The vanishing year marks the disappearance of Sir Henry Hawkins, Judge of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice. Sir Henry is one of the Grand Old Men whom this England, as befits an old country, delights to honour. Several veterans have vanished this year, from Mr. Gladstone to Prince Bismarck; yet Sir Henry, at eighty-one, is still so vigorous that his recent sittings have been of inordinate length, but his withdrawal from the Bench into private life necessarily places him among the forces that the active world must be content to lose.

To the man in the street Sir Henry Hawkins has long stood for the God of Justice, and a great Saga has risen round him which will keep his memory green for all Englishmen. The son of a solicitor and the brother of a Chancery barrister, Sir Henry was born at Hitchin, in Herts, on Sept. 14, 1817. He was called to the Bar in the Middle Temple in 1843, so that he has been dealing with the law of the land for the long period of fifty-five years. For fifteen years he travelled the Home Circuit, and rose to a Queen's Counselship in 1858. The Crown recognised his industry and his good judgment by constantly employing him, and he distinguished himself splendidly when he appeared with Coleridge for the defence. During the second trial, when the great impostor was impeached for perjury, Sir Henry, then but plain Mr. Hawkins, led for the Crown,

and from that day he was a made man. He was elevated to the Bench on Nov. 2, 1876. To all intents and purposes, the Judge is the last of the Barons. He was named in the *Court Circular* as Baron Hawkins, but the next day it was corrected, on the ground that the Law Barons had been extinguished by the Judicature Act. Accordingly, he became, by the usual ceremony of knighthood, "Sir Henry Hawkins," a title by which he is universally known, in lieu of that of "Mr. Justice," which few people would use.

You have only to look at his portrait to see that Sir Henry is a strong man, a stern man, but a just man—and always a *man*, not a hard, dry book-lawyer who could not make allowance for the personal equation. Sir Henry's great achievement has been that he has understood human nature. He may have been severe, but his attitude was that of the Judge who punishes an offence against eternal right rather than the mere statute law of the land. He has impressed his personality on England by a certain sardonic humour which he possesses in common with his distinguished young kinsman, Anthony Hope, who dedicated one of his books to the Judge. There are innumerable stories about Sir Henry on the Bench, and his *obiter dicta* have become part and parcel of the repertoire of every law-man. Here are a couple of samples of his pretty wit—

He once had to sentence an old swindler, and gave him seven years. "Oh, my lord," whined the man, "I'll never live half the time!" The Judge took another look at him, and answered, "I don't think it is at all desirable that you should."

On another occasion, the usual formality was gone through of asking a prisoner who had been found guilty if he had anything to say. Striking a theatrical posture, and with his right hand in the air, the man exclaimed, "May the Almighty strike me dead if I don't speak the truth! I am innocent of this crime." Judge Hawkins said nothing for about a minute. Then, after glancing at the clock, he observed, in his most impressive tones, "Since the Almighty has not thought fit to intervene, I will now proceed to pass sentence."

One characteristic of Sir Henry has endeared him to his fellow-countrymen. It is his love for animals. He has felt for them and with them, notably in the case of his favourite fox-terrier, Jack, who died just four years ago. Jack was presented to the Judge by Lord Falmouth in 1881. He was always with his master, accompanying Sir Henry invariably on tour, and sleeping every night in the Judge's bedroom. In 1893 Jack had a bad illness, through which he was pulled by Professor Atkinson and Mr. Bush, of the Animals' Institute, but in the following year he succumbed. Sir Henry was very much upset. If I mistake not, he actually published a little book about poor Jack, whose portrait was painted by Mr. W. H. Hopkins. Sir Henry has also been interested, like Lord Russell, in racing. He has been an influential member of the Jockey Club, and, as you will see by this portrait of him, he favours the regular sporting cut of clothes. He retires with the best wishes of everybody to enjoy a well-earned rest.



SIR HENRY'S BELOVED FOX-TERRIER, JACK, WHO WAS THE CONSTANT COMPANION OF THE JUDGE FROM 1881 TO 1893, WHEN HIS MASTER LAID HIM TO REST WITH MANY REGRETS.

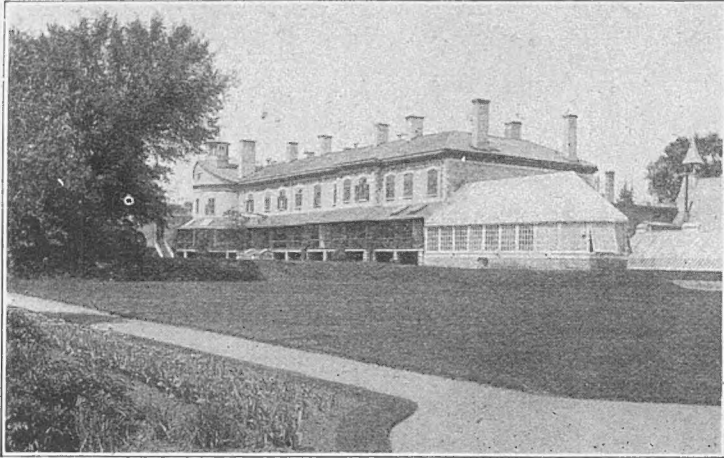


THE HON. SIR HENRY HAWKINS
RETIRES FROM THE BENCH AFTER LONG, ARDUOUS, AND HONOURABLE SERVICE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE NEW HOME OF LORD MINTO, OTTAWA.

Ottawa! The name rustles with the sound of rushing water, of limpid brooks, of pine-woods' sighing, of coves and booms, rafts and log-jams, of birch-trees leaning towards the water's edge, guarding their flesh and blood the bark canoe, of lusty lumbermen shouting their patois songs and felling giant trees with axe and muscle under the indigo sky. But all is now silent about Ottawa, for Nature sleeps soundly under her eiderdown of snow.

The silence is wonderful, although one hears the telegraph-poles hum as one passes them by, and the snow makes a hard, metallic sound



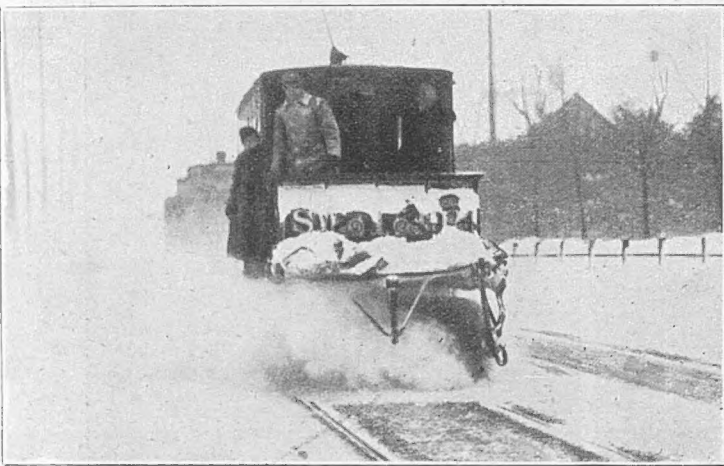
RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, IN SUMMER.

under one's feet, and the sleighs, as they fly past with the jingle-jangle of the bells, give a little, creaking noise as the metal of the runners meets the snow. Nearer to town the snow-ploughs plod heavily along the pavements, and the electric-sweeper whizzes past, sending a powdery cloud of white to right of it all the way down the street, and the well-heated electric-cars dart by with a clang and a rush.

And everything above the snow is busy and alive. People wear an armour of fur from head to foot to guard against the sharpened knives of vigilant Jack Frost. The armour is most becoming to their sparkling eyes and glowing faces. The vestibules of all the houses are rendered nearly impassable with racoon-skin and blanket coats, toboggans piled up, skis and poles, snow-shoes, mocassins, skates, and hockey-sticks. This is the capital of a sporting country, the winter playground of America.

And now that Lord and Lady Aberdeen have taken their farewell, resigning Rideau Hall and the Viceregal Government of the country to Lord and Lady Minto, there is an added charm this winter, the charm of novelty and anticipation. "Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!" And this King has already made himself popular. He is a military man, and the country adores a military man. He was Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne when that peer represented her Majesty in Canada. He was also Chief of the Staff during the North-West Indian Rebellion headed by Louis Riel in 1885.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are the souls of hospitality, and Government House doors have been open wide. The toboggan-slides and the rink were there for invited ones every Saturday afternoon all the winter through, not to speak of frequent skating and tobogganing parties at



THE ELECTRIC SNOW-SWEEPER.

night. Then there were delightful mulled "hot things" in the large ball-room, and general good cheer. Lord Aberdeen was a most enthusiastic tobogganer, and looked carefully after the enjoyment of his guests.

The nights, with moon and stars and snow, are wonderful. The days have skies as blue and cloudless as in June, and the whole atmosphere is so exhilarating that, with the thermometer many degrees below zero, one does not feel—well-clad—uncomfortably cold. Nature, in this part of the world, defies a frown, and lightens a heavy heart.—MARY KEEGAN.

"THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET."

The newspapers have been very busy with the "Outrage at the Bank of England," which outrage consisted of a gentleman—who apparently is somewhat eccentric—demanding change for a sovereign of the gate-keeper at a remarkably late hour for such important financial transactions. Incidents of the sort are by no means uncommon at the residence of "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." The porters who do duty at the gate can tell of many untimely visitors. There used to be—may be now, for aught I know—an old lady who, with a basket on her arm, was very fond of ringing up the janitor after hours, and demanding some of her



RIDEAU HALL IN WINTER.

money. She was generally got rid of with a little numouring, on one occasion departing on the arm of the guard, who politely escorted her into the street, when the door was quickly shut.

Another not infrequent visitor was a gentleman who in real life was, I believe, a small bootmaker in a West-End street, but who, in his moments of leisure, deemed himself no less a personage than the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. He was occasionally very insistent, and having, as he declared, a cool couple of millions at the Bank, he, not unnaturally perhaps, desired to relieve the authorities of the onerous charge of a portion of it. I do not fancy, however, that the police were ever called on to interfere. Other night-visitors to the gatehouse of the Bank are some of the holders of stock, who, on the eve of dividend-days, will, on occasion, ask eagerly if their money is ready, and, on being courteously told that it has not yet arrived, will wait patiently through the long hours for the official opening of the gate. If the Bank gate-keepers were but Phil Mays or Charles Dickens, what a fortune they might make with the characters provided by the great British public!

The rumour that the buildings in which the "Old Lady" is housed are being undermined by the railway may be dismissed. It is, I believe, perfectly true that for some time past workmen have been employed in various parts of the very extended foundations of the Bank, and it is said, on good authority, that no small quantity of strengthening substances has been used. Such slight evidences of weakness, however, were in no way attributable to the tunnelling that will, we all hope, eventually relieve the congested traffic of our City streets, but to the vagaries of that ancient "stream of fair water" (as, some centuries ago, it was called),



TOBOGGAN-SLIDE AT RIDEAU HALL.

the Wall Brook, a tributary of the "silver Thames." This water-course was completely covered in by the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and, according to Stow, was paved level with the streets and lanes where-through it passed. "Since that, houses have been built thereon, so that the course of Wall Brook is now hidden underground, and thereby hardly known." Nevertheless, in Sir R. Phillips's "History of London," the author declares that, in November 1803, he saw the Wall Brook "still trickling among the foundations of the new buildings at the Bank."



[Photo by Madame Lallie Garet-Charles.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S DAUGHTER, WINIFRED.

She has been playing the part of Nellie Denver in her father's play, "The Silver King," and will introduce "The Manœuvres of Jane" to the country.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING at 9, THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones. Preceded at 8.10 by A GOLDEN WEDDING. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15. SPECIAL MATINEE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) at 2.15.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (Doors open 7.45),
THE MUSKETEERS. By Sydney Grundy.
MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S.

TERRY'S THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. E. Terry.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.45 (Doors open at 7.30).
THE BRITTON BURGLARY. By Fred W. Sidney.
Mr. James Welch, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, Mr. Frank Curzon, Mr. Victor Widdicombe, Mr. A. Holmes-Gore, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Maud Hobson, Miss Geraldine Wraigham, Miss Violet Trelawny. Produced by Mr. Charles Hawtrey.
Preceded at 8 by a new dialogue, THE LADY BOOKIE. By Cyril Hallward.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3. Box Office 10 to 10.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

MONTE CARLO (Opens February)	RIVIERA PALACE.
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Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.
English Church. Golf. Tennis. Cycling.
The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

SPA, BELGIUM.—Only Twelve Hours from London.—WINTER SEASON. Delightfully mild though bracing climate. CASINO OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Concerts and Balls. Excellent Shooting, Skating, and Tobogganing. During the Winter Season the Best Hotels offer an Inclusive Tariff (with fire) at 10 francs per diem. For all information apply to M. Jules C. ehay, Secretary.

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WITH THE NEWEST AND GREATEST
FEATURES OF ALL KINDS.

Roman Hippodrome, Two Menageries, Triple Circus, Trained Animals, Museum,
Aerial Displays, Weird, Magic Illusions, Mid-air Wonders,
Ground and Lofty Tumbling, Aquatic Feats,
Subaqueous Diversions, High-class
Equestrianism,
Three Herds of Elephants, Two Drovers of Camels, Jumping Horses and Ponies,
Races of all kinds, Queer Freak Animals.

STUPENDOUS ASSEMBLY OF NEW LIVING HUMAN FREAKS.

Cat Orchestra, Talking Dog, Gambler Pigs, Football Dogs, Twenty Pantomimic Clowns,
Twenty Animal Actors, Twenty Races, Roman Chariot and Standing Races,
Foot Races, Flat Races, Hurdle Races, Wheelbarrow
and Obstacle Races.

SCORES OF ACROBATS, ATHLETES, AND GYMNASTS.

TWO MAGNIFICENT AQUATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

With Champion Male and Female Swimmers, Divers, Novel Water Craft, and
Miniature Ships of War, representing
A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK, AND
AMERICA'S GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT SANTIAGO.

Three Rings, Two Stages, Hippodrome Race Track, Aerial Enclosure,
Huge Water Tank (375 feet long).

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TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS EVERY WEEK-DAY.

At 2 and 8 p.m. Doors open 12.30 and 6.30 p.m.

Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards.
Early Entrance Fee, 6d. extra.

Owing to the stupendously large Show and the general
magnitude of the Exhibitions, necessitating great preparations,
the Menageries, Freak, and Illusion Departments can only be open
from 12 to 4.15 p.m., and from 6 to 10.30 p.m.

Every ticket entitling holder to a
Reserved Numbered Seat and admitting to all Advertised Departments
without extra charge.

PRICES: Amphitheatre, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s.; Balcony Seats, 2s. and 3s.; Stalls, 5s. and 7s. 6d.;
Private Boxes, £3 3s.

Special Prices for Royal Box when not engaged.

Children between 4 and 10 years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. Seats.
Box Office open from 9 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

1s. and 2s. Seats on sale only after doors open.

All other Seats may be booked in advance at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

EMPTY CABS, HOODED CARTS, AND STREET TRAFFIC.

The question of street-traffic congestion is always with us—and so is the congestion. A grand and costly Thames Embankment is no relief, and never will be as long as it is not a trading thoroughfare. It forms a short cut to the City for millionaires and their camp-followers, who timidly drive their phaetons from West to East—and little more. There is a legend that an omnibus was once seen taking the air on this river promenade, but inquiry proves it to have been a disabled vehicle going home to its Clerkenwell stable.

The two chief contributors to traffic congestion are the omnibuses and the cabs, and the two chief offenders are the empty cabs and the hooded cart. Every morning, among the thousands of cabs let loose upon the town, at least three or four thousand hansoms are in the hands of drivers who amuse themselves and tire their horses by promenading the leading thoroughfares. Their only occupation seems to be to stop people getting into omnibuses as much as possible, or to prevent them gaining the safety of the pavement after they have descended from their omnibuses. The Strand, Regent Street, and Piccadilly are the favourite playgrounds of these Metropolitan loungers. Piccadilly Circus, where it is much easier to get run over than to find a crossing free from mud, might at certain periods of the day be taken for the Hippodrome at Olympia turned into a market for the sale of cabs and cab-horses. Any one with an hour to spare—say, from one to two midday—may count in the Strand, opposite the Adelphi, a slow-moving panorama of about five hundred empty cabs on each side of the roadway. Occasionally a hurried passenger may jump into one of these crawlers, but this is quite the exception. The police have powers to regulate and perhaps stop this illegitimate use of the Queen's highway, but they never seem to exercise them.

The other chartered ruffian of the London streets is the hooded cart. It goes where it likes, when it likes, and how it likes, as long as it appears to observe in some degree the rule of the road. Its driver is securely embedded in packages and covered with a suit of impenetrable armour. If he commits an offence sufficient to arouse the attention of the mud-bespattered policeman on point duty, he is as difficult to get at as a Whitstable diver in a diving-bell. He rollicks through the streets; the more the street is crowded, the more he rollicks—

The hooded cart to the wars has gone,
In the thick of the Strand you'll find it;
Headless of damns it ambles on,
With the curses of drivers behind it.

The cab nuisance may be slightly mitigated by the determination of cab-patrons. If a passenger makes up his mind that he will never take a prowling cab, but will go to the nearest cab-stand, he may, if he is supported by numbers, have some small effect in time on the cab-drivers. I am quite prepared to admit that more cab-stands are wanted—many more—and other reforms are necessary. The semi-philanthropic "Shelters" want overhauling. It is, no doubt, good to make the night-cabman comfortable, but what about his miserable beast of burden? While the cabman is toasting himself before a fire, and greasing his jaws with half-charitable bacon, what is happening to the poor four-legged servant of man, half-shivering to death in the gutter? The frog-eating nation that wears wooden shoes, I fancy, is a little in advance, in this respect, of the beef-eating Englishman.

The "Shelters" are open to use, and are equally open to abuse. They often make cabmen dainty about their fares. On a wet and bleak night a benighted old lady wanting to go to this end of Camden Town would have little chance with a younger and personally conducted young lady who wanted to go to the other end of Brompton.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

AUSTIN DOBSON IN WINTER.

I'm reading Austin Dobson—he is easier than Browning,
With no profound obscurities to bother common folk;
I know of nothing pleasanter, when winter skies are frowning,
Than Dobson, cosy quarters, and a good cigar to smoke.

He's not sublime and lofty, and his tones are not Miltonic;
He's not a soaring Shelley with a many-chorded harp,
But knows a polished sentence and a phrase that is harmonic,
And, though his wit be dainty, it is genuinely sharp.

I like his pretty fancies and exhilarating stories;
I like his piquant pictures of the people of old times,
His humorous portrayal of their bright brocaded glories,
Their patches and their bombazine, their virtues and their crimes.

And he can be pathetic, and our tenderest emotions
He now and then arouses by the sweetness of his lays;
He's a skilful rhyming artist full of dear, old-fashioned notions,
Replete with reminiscences of pre-Victorian days.

With feet upon the fender and a softened light behind us,
With not a care to trouble nor an irritating thought,
The storms of winter serve then but the better to remind us
Of what we owe to Dobson for the good things he has wrought.

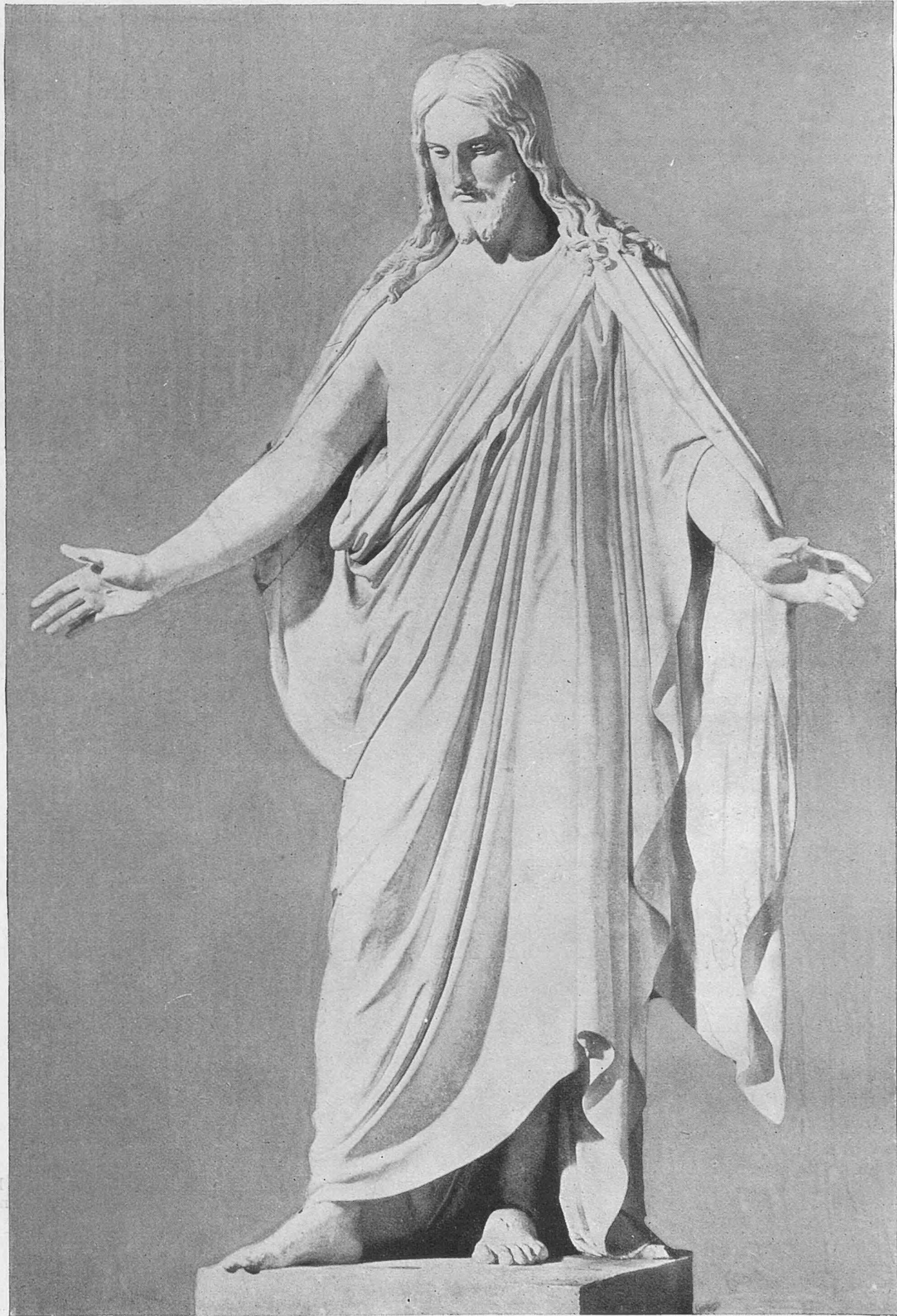
JOHN OXBERRY.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Christmas is over, and we are rapidly approaching a new year. I hope that 1899 will be full of good for my many readers.

The recently discovered bust of Christ—probably by Donatello or Michael Angelo—lately purchased by the Russian Ambassador at

over everything that has been achieved even by the greatest masters. Meanwhile, this fine effort of Thorwaldsen, together with the spirit of the season, recalls to me that admirable parable by Mr. J. R. Lowell, in which he conceived of Christ as coming once again on the earth, and finding chief-priests, rulers, and kings all bent on doing him honour:



THORWALDSEN THE GREAT DANISH SCULPTOR'S STATUE OF CHRIST, WHICH STANDS IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN, AT ROME.

Madrid, and reproduced in a recent issue of the *Illustrated London News*, has excited a great deal of interest, alike in religious and art circles. The moment seems opportune for me to publish Thorwaldsen's great statue of Christ. It may be doubted, however, if art has ever grasped any adequate conception of the founder of Christianity. A certain measure of conventionality hangs

"And in church and palace and judgment-hall, He saw his image high over all." Mr. Lowell's parable, with its note of sympathy for the poor artisan, the motherless girl, the unhappy toilers, the half-starved workers, and his presentation of Christ as finding the worship of himself still meaningless while so much poverty and cruelty existed, will be well remembered by all readers of that most impressive poem.

Penny postage at last, in a modified way. With Christmas Day began the reduction of rates from 2½d. to a penny per half-ounce. Canada has met the situation by the issue of a new stamp, in which the British possessions are marked in red. The stamp was designed by Mr. Mulock, the Postmaster-General of the Dominion, and printed by the American Bank Note Company of Ottawa. Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich, to whom I am indebted for the stamp, and other dealers, are selling it in this country for twopence.



editor of a Northern journal wrote on an octavo sheet of notepaper, with a drawing at the top of a ship ploughing through a heavy sea, and the words "Ocean Penny Postage" inscribed on its wind-filled sails, the following couplet and letter—

Fair speed the ship whose signal is unfurled—
The Ocean Penny Postage of the world.

London, Jan. 27, 1853.

MR. EDITOR,—You would confer a favour and promote the movement for Ocean Penny Postage by inserting the enclosed paragraph.—Yours truly,

ELIHU BURRITT.

The possessor of this autograph letter values it highly. He is doubtful if the "paragraph" ever appeared, and is, consequently, ignorant as to its exact purport.

Another interesting stamp is that of Crete, for it shows the rapid organising power of British officers abroad. The British authorities who are provisionally administering the Candia province of Crete have just issued three postage-stamps to be used for letters and papers between the new post-offices which have just been started throughout the district. One was a locally hand-printed stamp, in circulation only from Nov. 25 to Dec. 3. Only a few copies of this stamp were printed, and the necessary steps have been taken to prevent any others being illicitly struck. The one I reproduce was printed in Athens, and is destined to be replaced by the new issue for the whole island, which will appear when Prince George arrives. I am indebted to Messrs. Alfred Smith and Son, Essex Street, for the stamp.

The old "Tilt Guard" has gone. Pedestrians in St. James's Park may have noticed, on approaching the Horse Guards from the Parade, a Footguardsman on sentry-go at the right-hand of the archway. For ages the Foot Guards have had the furnishing of the "Tilt Guard," but the present-day custom of abolishing unnecessary things has extended to this survival, and, though regrettable from the point of view of the picturesque and the historic, it is certain that the Brigade of Guards, so overtaxed with providing sentries to empty palaces, will be grateful for this relief.

While Continental countries generally are carrying on a sort of crusade against the Jews, it is somewhat strange to read of the military



AN OCEAN PENNY POST.

service held at the Great Portland Street Synagogue recently. The Jewish Chaplain to the Forces in the Home District, the Rev. F. Cohen, conducted the service, and the Union Jack was displayed above the Ark and on the pulpit. The preacher urged that it was "specially incumbent upon the Jews to give themselves to the defensive strength of the land in which they had found greater tolerance, more fraternal treatment, and more perfect equality than in any other nation of the world." Since the

institution of these annual services the number of Jews in the Regular Army had increased by twenty per cent, and those in the Militia by thirty-five per cent, and the proportion of Volunteers had been more than maintained. Jews were well represented in the Colonial forces, and in South Africa a simultaneous service was being held in Cape Town. Representatives from the Guards and other branches of the Army took part in the Great Portland Street service.

The new 2nd Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders has arrived at Aldershot, and the 2nd Seaforth's leave Dover next week for Fort George, which seems, for the time at least, to be established as a station for a Highland battalion. The raising of the different new battalions has been carried out with less trouble than was anticipated. The 3rd Coldstream Guards are at Chelsea; the 3rd Warwick, 3rd Royal Fusiliers, and the 3rd Lancashire Fusiliers have already gone on foreign service, the first and last to Malta, and the second to Crete. Although new battalions, it may be doubted whether, considering the number of Reserve men who have joined, they are not more efficient than the older battalions. In the case of the Camerons, General Chapman, C.B., commanding the Scottish District, issued a highly eulogistic order on their departure for the South. The battalion had reached the full authorised strength, had secured an unusual number of school certificates, and had been successful in physical training. Moreover, the Camerons are composed almost entirely of natives of Scotland, and many of them have been recruited in the Highland districts.

It is a curious fact that whereas Ireland furnishes only sixteen battalions of the Line (and two of these are recruiting in Canada), no less than four cavalry regiments are distinctively Irish—the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, the famous Inniskillings, and the 8th (Royal Irish) Hussars. Scotland, with a population of about one-half that of Ireland, furnishes twenty battalions, exclusive of the Scots Guards (soon to have a third battalion), and but one cavalry regiment, the well-known "Greys." One has only to glance down the list of officers in English regiments to note what a large number of Scottish names occur, and yet the total number of Scottish recruits who joined last year was but 3561, Ireland providing about four hundred more than that total. The Peninsular War and Waterloo saw many so-called English regiments almost entirely composed of Irishmen, and long after the Crimea many "English" regiments got most of their recruits from the Sister Isle, but each year—in spite of "distresses" of one sort or the other—sees the number of Irish recruits dwindle yet more. As a matter of fact, the "British" Army becomes more "English" every year.



PRESENTATION TO GENERAL GATACRE.

Shrewsbury is proud of Sir William Gatacre, and has presented him with the casket which I illustrate here. Designed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company in Renaissance style, it consists of an oblong box, with ornamental corners and supports, having a variety of rich mouldings and acanthus decoration, upon ornamental feet. It is also supported at the ends by two massive Egyptian Sphinxes, which give character to the design. The corners of the box are occupied by pilasters enriched at the head with festoons, and having laurel decoration on each face. These pilasters have at the upper corner the head of a leopard, and beneath is an ornamental shield of elaborate form bearing on a scroll the names of the famous campaigns and battles in which Sir William Gatacre has been importantly engaged. The casket stands upon an oak and velvet-covered base.

Death has robbed the Prince of Wales of two of his intimate friends—Mr. Christopher Sykes and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild—while a third, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry F. Stephenson, who has acted as Extra-Equerry or Equerry to his Royal Highness for the past sixteen years, was compelled by ill-health to hand the Lords of the Admiralty his resignation of the supreme command of the Channel Squadron. These three events were all crammed into one week. Vice-Admiral Stephenson has been ill almost continuously since he hoisted his pennant on the battleship *Majestic* in June last. Ill-health has robbed him of eighteen months' service in one of the most coveted naval appointments.

In succession to Sir Henry Stephenson, the Lords of the Admiralty have selected Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson. He is only fifty-five years old, and one of the youngest flag-officers. Next to Lord Charles Beresford, he is probably the most popular officer of his rank. Since he joined the Navy, in 1857, and, as a fifteen-year-old cadet, served throughout the China War, he has seen service in all parts of the world. He will be remembered as the efficient officer in charge of the transports during the Egyptian War of 1882, and as the Admiral who captured M'heli in 1895, bombarded Zanzibar in 1896, and drove out the Pretender, and in the following year set an example of successful organisation by his expedition to the City of Benin of infamous memory. He won the esteem of all. Unemployed for six months only, he now gets another good appointment.

It is rare nowadays that the British Tommy experiences the thrill of horror at seeing a comrade shot. Mr. Kipling's mere description of the hanging of Danny Deeever is thrilling enough. But Tommy was vouchsafed the experience of seeing two Turks shot in Crete the other day. They had been involved in the massacre at Candia last September, and condemned to be shot. So at eight o'clock in the morning of Nov. 3 they were taken to Canea, and surrounded by the four Powers, England, France, Italy, and Russia, mustered a hundred strong each, and drawn up on three sides of a square. Three men were selected from each Power, two for the front rank and one in reserve, to shoot the prisoners. So Kaïder Ismaneki and Halil Araf Halilaki took their seats with their backs to the firing party. The Commandant's sabre fell, and in an instant they dropped dead.

Doctors, having discovered the microbe, abolished epidemics, and made some pretty paces in surgery since this generation first drew breath, are now closing in to do battle with the enormous increase of alcoholism everywhere reported. A

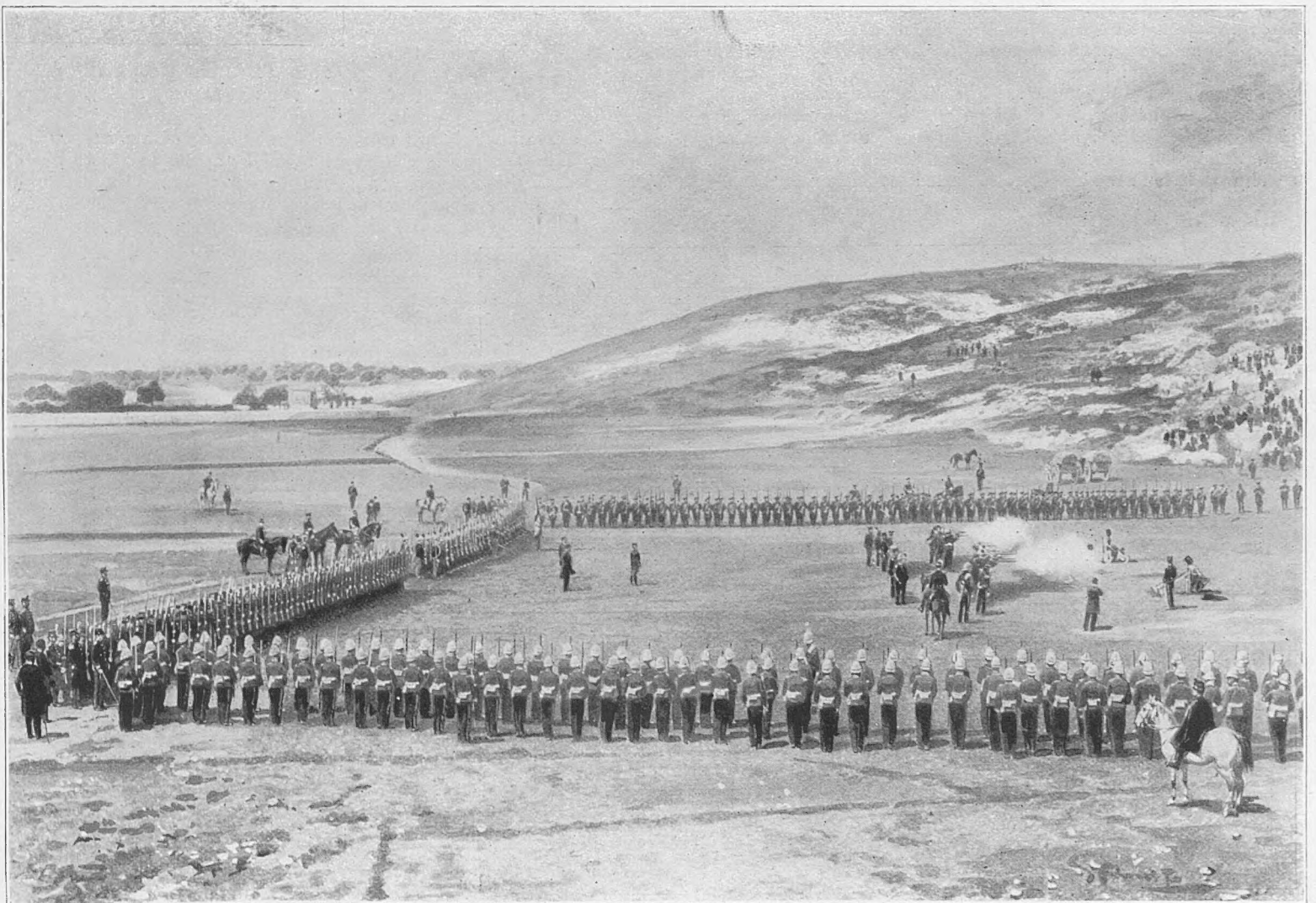
well-known French physician publishes the most appalling statistics, and attributes the increase of lunacy and the palpable deterioration of the modern "Johnny" mentally and physically to the largely increased

manufacture of alcohol which has gone on for the last dozen years. Our fathers, he points out, were, when addicted to drunkenness, in much less sad case than the present victim of "pegs," for they staggered home or fell under the table on claret, wine, or beer, more or less; while their degenerate, undersized descendants now dwarf body and brain with a frequent flow of ardent spirits. There is no doubt whatever that women are more accustomed to strong waters nowadays than ever before. How our grandmothers would have been shocked at the "B. and S." which the modern girl takes with such sang-froid as a matter of course! It would be interesting meanwhile to learn how the doctors intend to grapple

with this modern Munchausen. It is one thing to discover the root of an evil, but it is another to lay the axe to it. We have made acquaintance with a good many microbes, but we have not exterminated them.



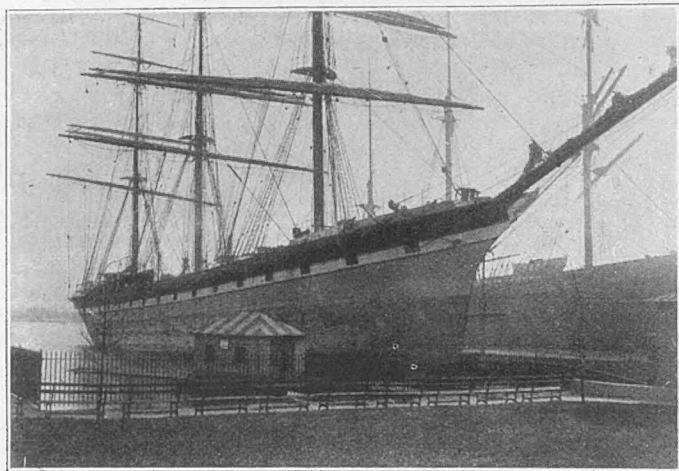
"DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL": THE TERRIBLE TURK SENT TO HIS LONG REST BY THE POWERS.



EXECUTION OF TWO TURKS, WHO TOOK PART IN THE MASSACRE AT CANDIA, BY THE TROOPS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY, AND RUSSIA.

Drawn by G. Amato from instantaneous photographs.

Never in the records of the American Admiralty Courts does there appear any entry of such a heavy libel as that which has been made against the English ship *Cromartyshire*, now lying at Snyder Avenue Wharf, Philadelphia. The vessel was recently attached under a writ filed by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, to recover damages



THE "CROMARTYSHIRE" IS LYING AT PHILADELPHIA, AND £40,000 IS ASKED FOR HER RELEASE.

for the loss of the steamer *La Bourgogne*, which was sunk in collision with the *Cromartyshire* off Sable Island on July 4 last. Under the attachment the security was fixed at 200,000 dollars for the release of the ship. The owners have asked for a reduction of this amount, and Admiralty surveyors appointed to assess the value of the craft have fixed it at 33,000 dollars.

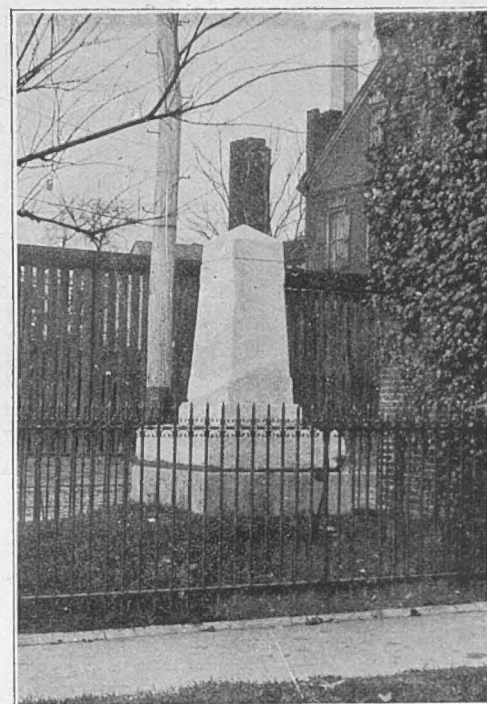
The ship brought a cargo of chalk, and was to have proceeded at once back to London, where a suit is pending against the French line by the owners of the *Cromartyshire* for damages sustained by the latter in the accident. In the affidavit the captain of the English boat is charged with carelessness. It is claimed that the steamer was moving along at a greatly decreased rate of speed, and sounding her fog-signal at regular intervals as required by the International Code; but, on the other hand, the ship was bowling along under an almost full head of sail and without giving any alarm whatever of her approach.

Hanover Street Wharf, where the *Cromartyshire* lies in the charge of a United States Marshal's officer, is the very spot on which William Penn first trod the American soil, and only a hundred feet away from the ship's figurehead is the monument which marks the spot where once stood the great elm under whose branches was made the famous treaty of the Quaker and the Indians. For many years the spot was greatly neglected, and the monument, which was erected by the Pennsylvanian Quakers, was almost buried in the bustle of the foundries, shops, and shipyards which surround it. But a few years ago the city purchased some properties in the vicinity and turned the place into a public park.

The "Reminiscences" which Lieut.-Colonel Sir R. Lambert Playfair has been setting down, regarding the fifty years of his official career, for issue in *Chambers's Journal* will cover not only his introduction to official life at Aden, the discovery of the Aden reservoirs, and his life at Zanzibar, but he will also have something to say about Abyssinia and Algeria. He has a very high opinion of his then chief, Colonel (afterwards Sir James) Outram, and his second assistant, Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who became afterwards well known through his captivity in Abyssinia and discoveries in Assyrian archæology. He re-tells the story of the British occupation of Perim, and there is no act of our administration that he looks back upon with greater satisfaction than this. The current story told in the amusing ballad, "Perfidy Albion," of how the French frigate was hoodwinked, he dismisses as irrelevant. But he gives the genuine version, and relates how French officials, always searching about in the East for strategical positions, had their eye on Perim, but were forestalled by Britain, which has now a continuous chain of stations between England and her Eastern possessions, while France has only one place, Jibouti, between Algeria and Tonkin where her vessels could coal in time of war.

Browning students should take note that what promises to be a most interesting series of six lectures on "The Poetry of Robert Browning" will be delivered by

the Rev. Stopford Brooke at University College, Gower Street, on Thursday evenings, beginning with Jan. 19. The subjects of Mr. Stopford Brooke's course will be: (1) Characteristics of Browning's Poetry—Why he was not read at first, and why he was read afterwards; (2) Characteristics of Browning's Poetry—Contrast between Browning and Tennyson; (3 and 4) Browning as the Poet of Nature and of the Arts; (5) "Pauline" and "Paracelsus"; (6) "Sordello." From these themes Mr. Brooke will surely obtain stimulating and informing matter.



THIS MONUMENT MARKS THE SPOT WHERE PENN TREATED WITH THE INDIANS.

The removal of two houses abutting on the east boundary wall of Old Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, has caused the rebuilding of a portion of this wall, and in the panels the Town Council propose to insert the names of some of the distinguished persons buried there. The names chosen are those of Regent Morton, George Buchanan, Alexander Henderson, William Carstairs, Duncan Forbes, Allan Ramsay, Colin McLaurin, Alexander Munro, and Joseph Black. There are other names, such as "Bluidy Mackenzie," the King's Advocate in Covenanted times, whose tomb was opened the other day; Principal Robertson, the historian, as well as Tytler, Dr. Blair, Dr. McCrie, and Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," who might also well have been memorialised. One is hardly sure how many fragments of eminent humanity are buried here, for in December 1879 several tons of human bones, gathered from the floor of St. Giles' Cathedral, were placed in twenty boxes and interred here. A search for the mutilated remains of the Marquis of Montrose in St. Giles' at that time did not meet with success.

The January number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* comes out again in colour. The story illustrations by Mr. Forestier and other artists look excellent in their tints. "Mars and Venus" is the title of a very ingenious article in which the origins of several great noblemen, such as the Duke of St. Albans (from Nellie Gwynne) and the Duke of Wellington, are given. There are new features, in the shape of articles on sport, books, and theatres, added. Mucha's cover is a thing of sheer delight.

The Westminster boys gave the last performance of "The Andria" on Wednesday. This year the performances were made doubly intelligible to the outside public by the publication of Mr. Sargeant's history of the school, which the Methuens have issued. It is a capital bit of work.

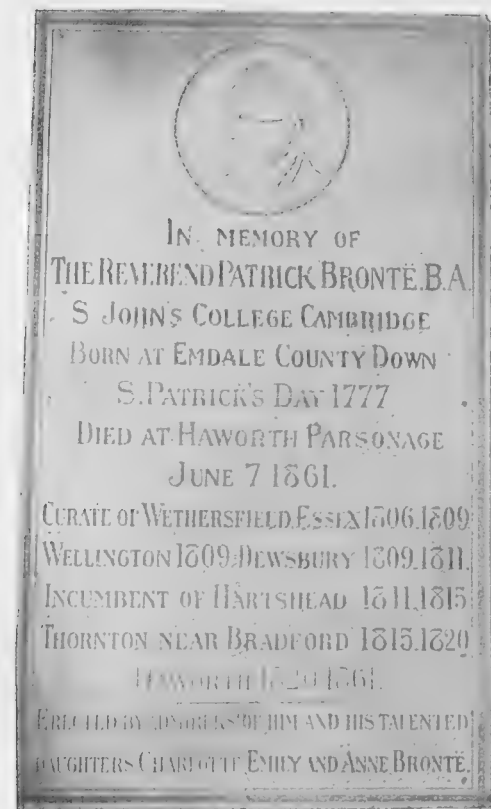


"THE ANDRIA," AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The erection of a memorial tablet to Mr. Brontë "by admirers of him and his talented daughters" calls for comment. This tablet, made by Thomas Pratt and Sons, of Tavistock Street, for Dewsbury Church, commemorates Mr. Brontë's brief association with that district, perhaps the least eventful period of his life. He was married at Hartshead, his

children were born at Thornton, and their brief glory is for ever enshrined round Haworth. Dewsbury, however, may be congratulated upon thus remembering one who had little claim in himself to remembrance, but whose name will never be forgotten while the world delights to read Charlotte and Emily Brontë. Is not the word "talented," however, a curiously inadequate one to apply to the creators of "Wuthering Heights" and "Jane Eyre"?

The graves of the household of the poets rise slowly in our London. The latest is the monument erected by Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Mond to the memory of Mathilde Blind, who was buried in St. Pancras Cemetery, at Finchley, just two years ago. The monument takes the form of a Stele, in Carrara



A BRONTË BRASS FOR DEWSBURY, YORKSHIRE.

marble, nine feet high and four feet wide, and is the work of Mr. E. Lanteri, the sculptor, who unveiled it. It is adorned at the top by a life-size and life-like medallion portrait of Miss Blind, having her name engraved underneath, and the dates of birth (1841) and of death (1896) on each side. Below stand the figures (in bas-relief) of Poetry and Philosophy seemingly guarding the niche in which is set, behind a bronze grating, an urn containing the ashes (Miss Blind was cremated). At the base you read the inscription—"Death is the Mercy of Eternity." Mrs. Mond laid at the foot of the monument a laurel wreath in bronze, an exact copy of a branch she had plucked from a tree overhanging the grave of Shelley in Rome, when visiting it, a few years back, with Miss Blind, who had said on that occasion, "How good it would be to rest here—but I would sooner rest in English ground."

After Mr. Alfred Mond had read Mrs. John Macdonald's tribute to her friend, and a letter written by Mr. Moncreu D. Conway's hand, Dr. Garnett spoke of those personal and literary qualities that have won Mathilde Blind so much esteem and admiration. He dwelt especially on the nobility of her aspirations, and passed in appreciative review her principal claims to recognition as a writer: "The Prophecy of St. Oran," a legend of the hagiology of Scotland; "The Heather on Fire," a vivid description of Highland clearances in the 'thirties; the more ambitious effort called "The Ascent of Man"; her later works, "Songs and Sonnets," "Birds of Passage," and her prose works and translations. The best introduction to Miss Blind's delicate work is the selection of her poems which Mr. Arthur Symonds made for Mr. Fisher Unwin last year at this season.

Mr. Walter Severn, son of Keats' friend, informs me that our Consul at Rome has assured him that the road which was proposed to be made through the old cemetery in which Keats and Severn lie is not likely to be begun for some years, and the Municipal authorities have given him an assurance that in any case the two graves will not be disturbed. Mr. Severn is bringing the matter under the notice of Lady Currie, who, being herself a distinguished poet, will, I hope, use her influence in case the graves should be in danger of removal.

The property in North Port, Perth, known by the name of "The Fair Maid's House," has been offered by its proprietor to the civic authorities of the Fair City. Lord Provost Dewar, though somewhat dubious as to the house having ever been occupied by the Fair Maid, thinks the building should be made public property. There is something commendable in the conditions on which the owner seeks to relinquish his right. He will hand it over to the Council on payment of the sum expended by him in its maintenance.

A Professor in Naples recently made a bet that he would repeat by heart the whole of Dante's "Divina Commedia," which contains fifteen thousand verses, without stopping. A numerous audience assembled, and the Professor, beginning at eight o'clock at night, did not finish till two o'clock the next afternoon.

I print the accompanying circular concerning the late Mr. Harold Frederic. A subscription-list which accompanies the circular contains the names of Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Edward Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Frank Lloyd, of the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the *Daily Mail*, and Mr. Heinemann, for £20 each; Mr. S. R. Crockett and Mr. Henry James for £10 each; Mrs. Humphry Ward, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. H. H. Asquith, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Sir Francis Jeune for five guineas each; while smaller sums have been received from Mr. Sydney Grundy, Miss Braddon, Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch, and other well-known persons among Mr. Frederic's contemporaries. It is hoped that this call for subscriptions will be responded to as quickly as possible.

THE LATE HAROLD FREDERIC.

88, St. George's Square, S.W., Dec. 20, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—The death of Mr. Harold Frederic, the distinguished novelist, whose early and tragic end cut short a career of considerable fulfilment and even greater promise, has left his widow and four children entirely without resources, and has thus rendered necessary this appeal to his friends and the public on their behalf. Of the four children, two are boys, aged respectively ten and twelve, for whose education it is desired to make provision; and two are girls, aged seventeen and twenty, for whom it is hoped some occupation may shortly be found.

Meanwhile, the need of the widow is urgent. By the terms of Mr. Frederic's will the English royalties and copyrights of his works are left to his widow, but this possible source of revenue is so heavily mortgaged that it must be some considerable time before any income, however small, can be looked for from this direction.

It is hoped, therefore, that those who knew Harold Frederic, or have derived pleasure from his works, will contribute to so thoroughly deserving a cause.

The following gentlemen have agreed to act as a Committee—

COMMITTEE.

Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Q.C., M.P.	Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M.P.
Sir Edward Lawson, Bart.	A. Conan Doyle, Esq., M.D.
Sir Henry Irving, D.C.L.	H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.
Justin McCarthy, Esq., M.P.	S. R. Crockett, Esq.
Ellis Griffith, Esq., M.P.	Arthur W. Pinero, Esq.
T. P. O'Connor, Esq., M.P.	Henry Arthur Jones, Esq.
The Rev. Canon Eyton.	James McNeill Whistler, Esq.
Frank Lloyd, Esq.	A. T. Quiller Couch, Esq.
Alfred Harmsworth, Esq.	W. Heinemann, Esq.
Henry James, Esq.	H. W. Massingham, Esq.
J. M. Barrie, Esq.	W. E. Henley, Esq.
G. H. Boughton, Esq., R.A.	
R. Newton Crane, Esq.	

The undermentioned have agreed to act as trustees of all moneys that are received, and generally to administer the fund—

TRUSTEES.

Sydney S. Pawling, Esq.

Brandon Thomas, Esq.

Cheques, made payable to "The Frederic Fund," and crossed "London and County Bank," should be sent to me at the above address.—Your obedient servant,
W. J. FISHER (Hon. Sec. and Treasurer).



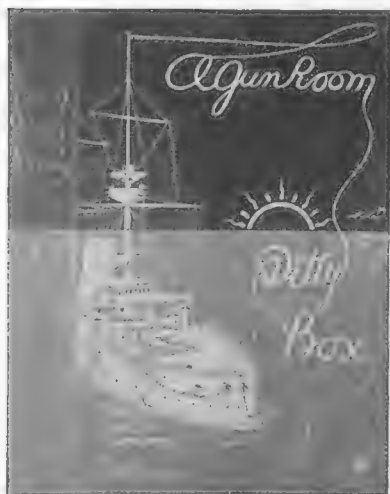
MONUMENT TO MATHILDE BLIND.

Photo by Miller, Highgate, N.

When is a building ashore a ship? This conundrum will be discussed when the new Naval College for Cadets at Dartmouth is completed; it has already been commenced. When the Admiralty removed the Portsmouth gunnery-school from the *Excellent* to Whale Island, the authorities dubbed this mud island H.M.S. *Excellent*, and so it is known to this day. When Hornea Island becomes a torpedo-school, as everyone anticipates, it will almost certainly be known as H.M.S. *Vernon*, the name borne by the present torpedo-schoolship at Portsmouth. In the same way, the new Dartmouth College will probably be called the *Britannia*, after the old wooden wall that has served as a cadets' training-ship for so many years. For the sake of discipline, all naval shore establishments are managed exactly as though they were ships, and brave efforts are made to carry the official farce as far as possible. There is some reason in this madness, since by its means continuity is preserved, and in a complicated organisation that is no mean point.

What bluejackets ours are! The ships of the Mediterranean station are in the habit of carrying out their torpedo and mining practice off Platea, on the Grecian coast. A bluejacket of the modern Navy, who has no sail-drill to keep him in form, will not remain in any place long without making a recreation-ground. This is just what has been done at Platea. Not only has a good cinder-track for cycles—and cycling has become very popular in the Navy—been laid down, but there is a cricket-ground, and also tennis-courts, so that officers and men do not now suffer from *ennui*. Every ship has its cricket and football clubs in these days, and, more surprising still, many of them boast cycling clubs. What would our forefathers have said had they known that, at the end of the century, the crews of ships-of-war would be seen in all parts of the world astride bicycles?

Last week I referred to Captain Stenzel's book on our Navy. At the very poles from its Teutonic laboriousness stands Mr. Kipling's new book, "A Fleet in Being," which the Macmillans publish as a shilling pamphlet. It is a vivid description of two trips with the Channel Squadron, tersely imaginative—that is Mr. Kipling's great gift—even to the point of suggesting that it has not been dashed off at the lightning speed at which it reads. Mr. Kipling is keenly alive to his predecessors, Marryat and Herman Melville (he might also have referred to Joseph Conrad's "Nigger of the *Narcissus*"), but he has his own point of view. Few people will have thought before of the immense loneliness of a captain, and still more of an admiral, and the description of the "tinned air" in the stokehole is very striking. Mr. Kipling



PUBLISHED BY CASSELL AND CO.

starts with a quotation from Mr. G. S. Bowles' "A Gun-Room Ditty-Box," which Cassell and Co. have just published.

The author has handicapped himself in two ways. First, he inevitably challenges comparison with Kipling; secondly, he has mingled prose and verse in a small book, with the result that we do not get a sufficient taste of his quality in either. But starting handicapped does not prevent a man from running a good race, and a good race Mr. G. S. Bowles has run, otherwise, even in his small book, one would have had quite a sufficient taste of his quality. His sketches and verses are of the ocean breezy. "Borley" is a capital analysis of the midshipman, while "The Story of Tallock" is a yarn of official peccadilloes which an eminent writer might have very well given us had he actually served in the Navy, and not been obliged to "cram" his nautical knowledge. "Leader of the Line" is also a living bit of work. The prose is better than the verse, as a rule. The homely elegiac, "Raggy," has natural touches and an easy rhythm; but in "To Explain," the line "Fight the wars and keep the laws," where a leonine rhyme is obviously intended, will not do. Extremes of the service meet on the title-page, which describes the book as by one who was "lately a Sub-Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy, with a preface by Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford."

The youthful composer, Don Lorenzo Perosi, whose latest oratorio, "The Resurrection of Christ," was given for the first time in the Church of Santi Apostoli in Rome on Tuesday, Dec. 13, was born twenty-six years ago at Tortona, in the cathedral of which his father is choir-leader, and has lived in an atmosphere of music, seeing that his two brothers and three sisters are all accomplished musicians. He studied at the excellent Roman School of Santa Cecilia, at the Benedictine College of Monte Cassino, and at the Conservatorio of Milan, where he took the degree of Maestro. After seeking further musical perfection at Ratisbon, he became conductor of the choir of St. Mark's, at Venice, where, absorbed in practising on the organ, he passes many an

hour of day and of night in the stillness of that unique basilica, and where—such is his facility of composition—he writes off with amazing rapidity a constant succession of hymns, masses, and sonatas, of which he scarcely alters a note on revision. The present oratorio, which reveals the true artist in the strictest sense of the word, is one of a series descriptive of the life of the Redeemer. It is divided into two parts, beginning with the Agony and Entombment, and ending with the Resurrection, the words being from the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John. The characters are the Narrator (tenor), the Christ (baritone), Magdalen (soprano), the Virgin Mary (contralto), Pilate (baritone), and a choir of two hundred voices.

All Rome was represented in the dense audience of four thousand rapt listeners, from Cardinals and Grand Master of the Sovereign Order of Malta, the Papal Diplomatic Corps, Princesses, and social celebrities, down to the humbler musical dilettante of the people, and all were enthusiastic in applauding the talent of the rising musical star, whose triumph the aged Verdi will now have witnessed, after having expressed the regret that he would not live long enough to do so. A handsome ebony bâton, inlaid with gold, and with initials in brilliants, was presented to the composer, who was much affected at this mark of esteem, by members of the *Circolo di San Pietro*, for which charitable institution the proceeds of the performance were destined.

The Zoological Society last week received "on deposit" a new black panther to replace Satan, the old one which died a few months ago. Satan had been retired into private life for some time previous to his demise, as he suffered from a sore tail, which could not be cured owing to his ungovernable ferocity, and which he made worse by constant biting. The new arrival, a lady, is smaller than Satan, but every whit as vicious. She spends most of her time perched on the top of the tree-trunk in the corner of her den, with her head in the ventilator, whence she removes it to snarl at prying visitors.

To have book-illustrations coloured by hand is a decided novelty, and those who feel the wonderful and artistic effects that can be produced by the use of black-and-white alone may be inclined to tremble at such an innovation. But the most hesitating will probably be at once converted by the charming and original work of Miss Gloria Cardew. What renders her painting the more remarkable is not only her youth, for she is barely twenty years of age, but also the fact that she has received no regular art-training, and has never even had a lesson in water-colour painting. By a mere accident she discovered that she had a wonderful talent for devising schemes of colour for use in book-illustrations, and these she carries out with a delicacy and finish worthy of a miniature-painter. The manner in which the artistic employment of colour can add to the beauty of an illustration or of an elaborately decorated and floriated border or title-page can only be fully realised by a comparison of a book coloured by Miss Cardew with the same book as it comes from the publisher's hands.



MISS GLORIA CARDEW.

Photo by Hillis.

Such treatment is peculiarly well-suited for the illustrations in fanciful books, fairy-tales, children's stories, and in books of poems. A volume in which Miss Cardew has shown her talent in a very effective manner is that entitled "Children's Singing Games," and a copy has been accepted by the Duchess of York for little Prince Edward. Another book of an entirely different character in which the artist has also been most successful is the "Book of Job," where the effect of Mr. Granville Fell's imaginative illustrations has been much enhanced by beautiful colouring. Miss Cardew has even been trusted by some fortunate possessors of "Kelmscott" editions with the task of colouring the designs and borders, and their confidence in her powers has been fully justified. Specimens of Miss Cardew's work form an interesting adjunct to the Exhibition of the Guild of Women Binders.



A YOUNG ITALIAN WHO HAS WRITTEN
A GREAT ORATORIO.

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Let me introduce you to my kennel this week, ranging from a St. Bernard and Borzoi to a bulldog.

Young Mentor '96 is a smooth St. Bernard owned by Mrs. Wilkinson, of the Queen's Hotel, Folkestone, and appeared on the show-bench at a recent show held in this delightful and fashionable town. He is by Mentor out of Flora, and, as he is as yet little over two years old, should have many successes before him.



MRS. WILKINSON'S YOUNG MENTOR

This animal is owned by Mr. Thompson, of that place, who keeps poultry in a paddock at a little distance from the house. The dog, Floss, has learned to carry the hens' eggs in her mouth, one or two at a time.

This I witnessed, also that the eggs were not cracked or broken in any way. Her method of carrying them is shown in the illustration, where the egg can be seen carefully held between her teeth. I was informed that earlier in the season she had mothered a brood of chicks, which followed her from place to place, perching on her back and nestling by her side when she laid down. When I saw her, the chickens had been taken away, and she had a fine family of her own kind.

One of the charms of the *Spectator* is Mr. C. J. Cornish's essays. These have been collected by

Seeley into a bright book called "Animals of To-Day." His chapters cover a wide range of subjects, and for the most part betray the knowledge and insight which distinguish former works.

He goes astray occasionally when discussing matters of which he has not personal knowledge; but he provides so much genuine entertainment that he claims forgiveness as a right. Blessed with the gift of investing the commonplace with new interest, he makes a delightful essay out of a subject so unpromising as Improved Pigs, or so pen-worn as the Town Cat. When writing on Menagerie Animals, Beasts' Skins in Commerce, and various other topics, one feels that he has mastered "the great art of letter-writing" as enunciated by Sam Weller, for you "wish there was more" of these peeps behind the scenes.



A DOG THAT COLLECTS EGGS AND HAS REARED A BROOD OF CHICKENS.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

"Wild Life at Home: How to Study and Photograph It; Illustrated by Limelight"—that was the title of a lecture for which someone

kindly sent me a ticket the other day. Must I confess that I went to the Memorial Hall, in Farringdon Street, expecting to behold and hear all sorts of curtain-lecture episodes, perhaps even the stirring events that characterise the domestic existence of Bill Sikes? "Wild Life at Home—How to Keep Your Hair On," was what I fancied would be an appropriate title for this entertainment, but let me say I was most agreeably disappointed; the able lecturer, Mr. Kearton, discoursed charmingly on the wild life, not of our suburban villas or London slums, but of the country; not of nagging wives and brutal husbands, but of rooks at home in tree-tops, of birds who in their little nests agreed, and agreed to make them in very funny places, of spiders on rose-bushes, and snails who have a penchant for Brussels-sprouts, of bumble-bees, and many other creatures in whom most of us nowadays take an interest. The lecture was illustrated by photographs which had been taken under all sorts of strange circumstances, the artists having to take precautions to obtain their pictures which would have put a spy in war-time or a detective from Scotland Yard to shame. A most delightful and successful evening. Thank you, Mr. Kearton.



THE RED CHOW, JUDY.

"The Story of Marco Polo" is one that requires an editor of Eastern experience to render it justice. Mr. Noah Brooks has essayed for Mr. John Murray the task of compiling a connected account of the great Venetian's travels for the instruction of young readers, basing his work on Colonel Yule's standard translation. The excerpts are well chosen, and should stimulate a taste for knowledge of strange countries; but Mr. Brooks is not invariably

happy in his comments; thus, he suggests that Marco Polo exaggerated the noise made by bamboos burning. If he had ever heard a sound length of elephant bamboo exploded by heat, he would not have deemed extenuation needful. One would like to know, too, in what part of the world crocodiles or alligators are killed by planting spears deep in the sand so that "the beast strikes against the iron blade with such force that it enters his breast and rives him so that he dies on the spot," precisely as Marco Polo describes. Mr. Brooks also appears to labour under the very erroneous impression that falconry is an extinct sport.

Motor-cars are beginning to make their appearance even in Spain, and seem strangely out of place in the streets of her mediæval towns. I have seen a good many motor-tricycles in Madrid, and now the first motor-carriage has arrived in Seville, and creates some stir in the narrow, ill-paved streets. It belongs to a famous toreador, and was brought by him at great expense from Paris. However, money matters little to a successful bull-fighter.



THE BULLDOG DEMON MIRANDO.

CARLYLE'S "SARTOR RESARTUS": THE FIRST EDITION AND THE LAST.

The appearance of an illustrated edition of "Sartor Resartus," as well as the issue recently of an annotated edition of the book in England and America, point to an undying interest in one of the most remarkable books of the modern world. Not only is there before me this illustrated edition, to which Mr. Edmund Sullivan has provided a marvellous pictorial commentary, but Mr. W. T. Spencer, the bookseller, of 27, New Oxford Street, in whose judgment I frequently confide in moments when bibliographical fever comes upon me, sends me from his stores the little-known first edition of "Sartor Resartus." The title-page to this I reproduce. The book itself is a mere reprint of the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, with those double columns that now look so old-fashioned. It is curious to contrast the small esteem in which the book was held in 1834 compared with the price which this first edition will now fetch in the book market. There is no novelist now, however slender his equipment, whose publisher does not do better for him than this. Of Mr. Sullivan's illustrations—two of which, by the courtesy of the publisher, appear on this page—I have no words but those of praise. More than one critic has thought fit, I believe, to censure them, but, to me, they are altogether delightful. Mr. Sullivan has caught a great deal of the spirit of the old Anglo-German cynic, and I have rarely seen anything illustrated in black-and-white that has given me more of a thrill than the presentation of the scene "on the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse, in Weisnichtwo," where the philosopher meditates "alone with the stars." That piece of descriptive writing has always seemed to me to be the finest thing in English prose composition, although written by a man whose own generation told him so frequently that he could not write English, and to say that Mr. Edmund Sullivan has shown the right qualifications for illustrating this soul-stirring book is to say all that is necessary on the occasion. Meanwhile, I am very glad to print the following recapitulation by a correspondent of the difficulties which beset Carlyle in his attempts to obtain a publisher for "Sartor Resartus":—"Carlyle told his brother John in 1830 that he was writing 'a very singular piece. It glances from heaven to earth and back again, in a strange satirical frenzy, whether fine or not remains to be seen.' There is no doubt that much of it, especially the picture of the schoolboy trotting to school, is autobiographical. It is a picture of his own mental

and spiritual mood at the time. Carlyle started for London with the almost finished manuscript in his pocket, and an introduction from Lord Jeffrey to John Murray, dated May 1, 1831. Murray's reader had previously seen portions of the book in an incomplete state, but no proposals had been entertained for its publication. 'Lord Jeffrey,' so ran the note, 'who thinks highly of the author's abilities, ventures to beg Mr. Murray to look at the manuscript now left with him, and to give him, as soon as possible, his opinion as to its probable success on publication, and also to say whether he is willing to undertake it, and on what terms.' Carlyle was in London in August 1831, left a portion of the manuscript with Murray, and wrote from 6, Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square, asking an early or immediate reply. On calling a second time, Carlyle found that the parcel with the manuscript had not been opened. Another letter followed from Carlyle, and also from Jeffrey, the latter persuading Murray, after an interview, to make an offer for the manuscript. Murray offered to print seven hundred and fifty copies at the author's cost on the principle of half-profits, the copyright of the book reverting to Carlyle. Meanwhile, the manuscript had been shown to some other publishers, to Longmans at least, who seemed to agree with Lord Jeffrey that it 'was too much of the nature of a rhapsody to command success or respectful attention.' Longman, Colburn, and Bentley all declined it. Fraser, of Regent Street, offered to print it if Carlyle would pay him a sum not exceeding £150. Murray meanwhile, on hearing that it had been hawked about and refused by various publishers, said that, 'Under these circumstances, it will be necessary for me also to get it read by some literary friend.' In all probability, Lockhart was consulted; the reply was unfavourable, neither could a 'quite new negotiation be entered upon.' Then Carlyle returned to Craigenputtock with the manuscript in his pocket, and thoroughly disgusted with London publishers. The 'Life and Opinions of Diogenes Teufelsdröck' at last found voice in *Fraser's Magazine*, and on the Tuesday after Carlyle's marriage, in 1833, to Jane Welsh, he was correcting the proof-sheets of a second instalment. The public verdict on it, Froude tells us, was almost universally unfavourable. Yet when it came to a cheap edition no volume in the series sold better. 'Magazine Fraser' had to write that it had excited unqualified disapprobation, however."



ADAM AND EVE: OLD STYLE.

From "Sartor Resartus," illustrated by Edmund Sullivan, which Bell and Sons have just published.



ADAM AND EVE: NEW STYLE (1830).

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT LEADS THE LIBERALS NO LONGER

BUT THERE WILL ALWAYS BE AN INTEREST IN THE HISTORIC HOME OF ONE OF THE GREAT PARLIAMENTARIANS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

From one cause and another, Sir William Harcourt has ceased to lead the Liberal Party officially. But Sir William will always be remembered as one of the great Parliamentarians of the century. Nor could he well have been otherwise, for he comes of a race that has served England. Sir Simon Harcourt was Governor of Dublin in 1641; the first Viscount Harcourt was Lord Chancellor, while his second son was in Parliament. The first Earl Harcourt was Viceroy of Ireland, and our Ambassador in Paris, while his son, the third Earl, was a gallant soldier. And the Harcourts have taken a place in science and letters, for Sir William's father was virtually the founder of the British Association, while Sir William himself has written a good deal, looks after the nation's book treasures as a Trustee of the British Museum, and married literature in the person of Motley's daughter.

The Harcourts had resided at Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, from the twelfth century, and it was in the old grey mansion of the first Viscount Harcourt's time that English letters had their home, for it was there that Pope finished the fifth volume of his "trumpet-toned" Homer. In the summer of 1718 Pope was in need of some quiet retreat where he could carry forward his translation. "At my own house,"

he wrote from Oxford, "I have no peace from visitants and appointments of continual parties of pleasure . . . There will be no stirring me from



THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, M.P.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

the country hereabouts till I have done this whole volume (the fifth), for here, except this day that I spend at Oxford, I am quite in a desert incognito from my very neighbours, by the help of a noble lord who has consigned a lone house to me for this very purpose."

In the grounds of Stanton Harcourt is a spacious fish-pond, and from the northern shore the remains of the old manor compose naturally into a striking picture. The tower most prominent in the view is that of Stanton Harcourt Church, in which there is a small chapel crowded with the fine tombs of many of Sir William Harcourt's ancestors. The church itself stands within the grounds of the manor-house. Just above the roof of the church are seen the battlements of "Pope's Tower," and further in the background is the conical summit of the famous kitchen.

One of the oldest bits of the surviving part of Stanton Harcourt is the Porter's Lodge, and the arms on each side of the gate show it to have been erected by Sir Simon Harcourt, who died in 1547. In those far-off years the principal apartments stood between Pope's Tower and the kitchen, and the plan of the old building may still be traced to a large extent by the foundations and walls that remain. Experts tell us that kitchen and tower belong to the Perpendicular style, but the latter, at any rate, has gathered to itself an interest far more absorbing than architecture can offer. This



STANTON HARCOURT'S FAMOUS KITCHEN.



WHERE SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S ANCESTORS WORSHIPPED.

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

tower was originally the focus of the religious life of the Harcourt family. It consists of four apartments, one above the other, that on the ground floor being used as a domestic chapel. In view of the close proximity of the church, this private chapel seems to have been somewhat superfluous. Does its existence argue superabundant religiosity



COKETHORPE HOUSE, WHERE THE POET GAY LIVED.

in the Harcourt family, and so throw the light of heredity upon Sir William's recent zeal in the cause of undiluted Protestantism? To this day, as the photograph will show, it retains its ecclesiastical character. The room above is shown as the "Priest's Chamber," and the third apartment is described as his sleeping-room. The pilgrim to Stanton Harcourt, however, probably regards these three floors with languid interest; his Mecca is the room on the topmost floor. For this was Pope's study, where he completed the fifth volume of his Homer, and then scratched on one of the window-panes an inscription recording that momentous fact. The pane of glass has long been removed to Nuneham-Courtenay, where the Harcourts have had their family seat since 1710.

Pope took advantage of Lord Harcourt's hospitality for the greater part of two summers, and on one of his idle days he penned to the Duke of Buckingham a playful description of his environment—

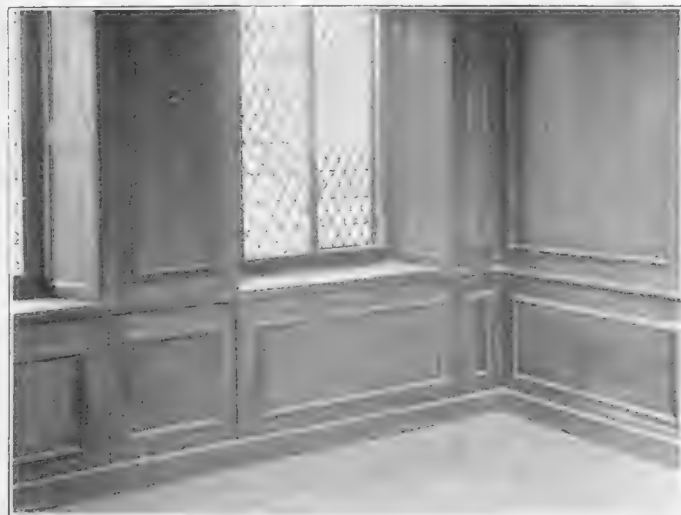
You must expect nothing regular (he warns his Grace) in my description, any more than in the house; the whole edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

In another part of his letter Pope pictures himself being shown over the cellar of the manor-house by a venerable steward. The guide pauses a moment before a heap of broken wine-bottles, and, lifting a piece of glass, shows the poet that it bears the family arms.

But tragedy as well as humour is associated with Pope's sojourn at Stanton Harcourt. In the summer of 1718, two rustic lovers were struck to death by lightning in a field close by, and Lord Harcourt consented to erect a stone to the memory of the unfortunate couple if Pope and Gay would write an epitaph. Gay's inclusion in the bargain is accounted for by the fact that he was at the time living at Cokethorpe House, not far away, and was the one guest Pope was willing to receive in his retirement. The two poets accepted Lord Harcourt's terms, and

STANTON HARCOURT, FROM THE FISH-POND.
From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

the epitaph first prepared was that beginning, "When eastern lovers feed the funeral fire." To this the donor of the memorial tablet objected that the country people would not understand such classical high-falutin', and so Pope rejoined that he would write an epitaph with something of Scripture in it, and with as little poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold. He



POPE'S STUDY.

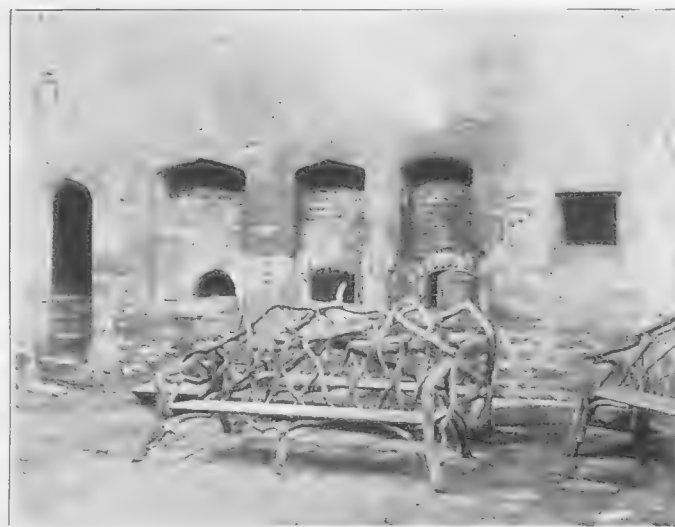
kept his vow, as may be read on the tablet which still adorns the south wall of Stanton Harcourt Church. Gay made the whole incident the subject of a very charming letter.

For the kitchen, it is claimed that it and the renowned Abbot's Kitchen at Glastonbury Abbey are the only two of the kind in existence. Pope's word-picture of it to the Duke of Buckingham is as good as any—

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house, where one aperture serves to let out the smoke and let in the light. By the blackening of the walls, the circular fires, vast caldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the Temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country-people that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a-year the Devil treats them with infernal venison—a roasted tiger stuffed with tenpenny nails.

THE ART OF THE POSTER.

It seems never to have struck any of the numerous makers of books on the art of the poster how deep down are the beginnings of this device for attracting the attention and leaving an impression on the mind of the casual wayfarer. In the bad old days of Ancient Rome, when any person designed to gladden the rabble with a gladiatorial exhibition, he not only set up in the public places Libelli or Edicta, which were the



THE FURNACES IN THE KITCHEN AT STANTON HARCOURT.

legitimate precursors of our play-bills, but he displayed vast paintings illustrating the manner of the fight and giving portraits of the chief contestants. Scholars will remember an allusion to this custom in "Horace," Book II., Sat. vii., 95. The passage has been Englished as follows—

Or when on some rare Piece you wond'ring stand,
And praise the colours, and the Master's hand,
Are you less vain than I, when in the street
The painted canvas holds my ravish'd sight—
Where with bent knees the skillful Fencers strive
To speed their pass, as if they mov'd alive,
And with new sleights so well express'd engage,
That I, amaz'd, stare up, and think them on the stage?

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE NEW POETRY OF PATRIOTISM.*

Because Mr. Newbolt happens to write clearly, simply, and for the most part in flowing and popular measures, an attempt is being made to depreciate his work as "rhetoric," even as "doggerel," and to reduce him to the level of a mere political rhymester. The attempt is unfair and uncritical. The poems, even the stanzas of his work, in which rhetoric gets the better of poetry are few and far between. It is perhaps unfortunate that the first number of his new collection should be the one of all others in which rhetoric most preponderates—the only one, in fact, which is, as a whole, open to this particular charge. His other poems do not all attain the same level of merit; some are but semi-successes; one or two (for instance, "The Gay Gordons") I am inclined to think failures; but in all there is the true poetic impulse, with a glow of feeling and a vitality of phrase far beyond the reach of the mere rhetorician. In several departments Mr. Newbolt has achieved signal success. First and foremost, we have his sea-songs—the immortal "Drake's Drum" and the almost equally beautiful and memorable "Admiral Death," "Messmates," and "The Fighting *Téméraire*." Then we have the naval ballads—"Admirals All," "San Stefano," the noble "Death of Admiral Blake," and "Craven," a poem on an American theme. Next we note the ballads of Indian history, the best, beyond a doubt, being "John Nicholson" and "Gillespie," two of the finest things of their kind in the language, with "Seringapatam," "The Guides at Cabul," and "He Fell Among Thieves," not far behind them. Then we may place in a class apart the lyrics of patriotic sentiment, containing some of Mr. Newbolt's happiest work—for instance, "Ionicus," "Vita Lampada," "Minora Sidera," and the beautiful "Clifton Chapel." Finally, we have a few miscellaneous lyrics, such as "Gavotte," "Imogen," "The Invasion," "Felix Antonius," and "A Song of Exmoor," some admirable throughout, and all containing phrases and stanzas of memorable felicity. Mr. Newbolt's poetry has the peculiar advantage of growing upon the reader. You shall read a thing once and think it pretty enough, but not remarkable; a second time, and note the delicate art beneath its simplicity; and chancing upon it a third time, you shall find it quiver with feeling, and fill, as it were, a predestined place in your heart.

In his metres, Mr. Newbolt is an experimentalist, not always, I think, happily inspired. I know too little of classic prosody to criticise his experiments in antique measures—for instance, the Asclepiads of "Minora Sidera." All I can say is that, though such a line as

But cared greatly to serve God and the King

may be excellent Latin, it would be much better English with the second and third words reversed ("greatly cared"). Take, however, an English measure like that of "The Guides at Cabul." Mr. Newbolt sets the normal model in the first stanza—

Sons of the Island Race, wherever ye dwell,
Who speak of your fathers' battles with lips that burn,
He deed of an alien legion hear me tell,
And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to learn,
When succour shall fail and the tide for a season turn,
To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul died.

Here we have a stanza of free and varied but perfectly smooth-flowing dactylic-trochaic lines, and this model is followed through the four following stanzas, except in one line, "Twice toiled in vain to drag it back." But take now the last stanza of all—

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's heart
To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap
Came on the men of the Guides; they flung apart
The doors not all their valour could longer keep;
They dressed their slender line; they breathed deep,
And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.

* "The Island Race." By Henry Newbolt. London: Ilkin Mathews.

Here the first, third, fourth, and seventh lines are normal, but the second, fifth, and sixth are—I will not say, halting, but deliberately baffling. Mr. Newbolt, of course, has his reasons for his divergences from the norm. He probably thinks that, by making the monosyllable "sheer" in the second line fill the place of a trochee, he in some way suggests or represents the leap of a horse over a precipice. To me the suggestion is rather that of running one's head against a stone wall. Perhaps he intends "shee-er" to be read as a trochee, like the Elizabethan "fi-er"; but such elongation destroys the whole force of the word. Similarly, the fifth line can be saved from jarring only by the absurd expedient of saying "breathèd" instead of "breath'd," while by no expedient can the sixth line be forced into the measure at all. One could divine (without approving) Mr. Newbolt's motive for writing this line, if he were saying that the feet *did* lag and the heads *were* bent. But why on earth should he choose such a leaden and lagging measure for saying the very opposite? One of his poems, "Vae Victis," is written in Spenserian stanzas, rendered almost unrecognisable by the

incessant elisions, or, as Mr. Newbolt would perhaps prefer to say, the frequent anapaestic feet, which break up the stately iambic movement—to my old-fashioned sense, the glory and beauty of the stanza. Out of sixty-three lines, only twenty-seven are regular. Of the rest, perhaps half-a-dozen contain only such elisions or redundancies as Spenser or Shelley would have recognised as legitimate and beautiful. In the remaining lines the metre loses its iambic character altogether, and becomes, in the main, anapaestic. In the following stanza, for example, I italicise the redundant syllables—

Beyond, where dawn was a glittering
carpet, rolled
From sky to shore on level and
endless seas,
Hardly their eyes discerned in a dazzle
of gold
That here in fifties, yonder in twos
and threes,
The ships they sought, like a swarm
of drowning bees
By a wanton gust on the pool of a
mill-dam hurled,
Floated forsaken of life-giving tide
and breeze,
Their oars broken, their sails for ever
furled,
For ever deserted the bulwarks that
guarded the wealth of the world.

Here it will be seen that only one line, the eighth, is free from redundancy of some sort; and in it we have a marked trochee in the second place, preceding, not following, a pause—the most violent of all departures from the regular iambic scheme. It is impossible to call these innovations illegitimate, for there is no law in the matter, and scarcely any eccentricity for which some precedent may not be

found by diligent research in the practice of some reputable poet. The question simply is: Are Mr. Newbolt's innovations, as a rule, beautiful? I answer unhesitatingly: To my ear, as a rule, they are not.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

FRENCH CRITICS ON GREEK ART.

In MM. Georges Perrot's and Charles Chipiez' "Histoire de l'Art Dans l'Antiquité," of which the seventh volume has just been published (Librairie Hachette et Cie.), the world is receiving what is certainly a noble addition to a rightly classified knowledge of the ways of art in the past. The twelfth book, with which this volume opens, deals with the art of Greece still at its early period of development. What Byron called the "arts of war and peace" are here discussed pretty fully and with a wealth of illustration. Of course, there is always a tendency on the part of writers who are dealing with any period of human times on a colossal scale to run to verbiage, and from that fault these authors are not altogether free. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to admire the industry which has collected facts so numerous, has ranged them in so luminous an order, and has, on the whole, so sedulously remembered the significance of each artistic tendency to be discovered in those facts. The work is invaluable, indeed, from many points of view, and should become a *locus classicus* to the student of many nations whose art is still to many a sealed book.

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LENOS.

THE COMIC GENIUS OF THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME AT HOME IN HIS BELOVED BRIXTON.



"FOR THE SECOND CHAMPION CLOG-DANCER OF THE WORLD."

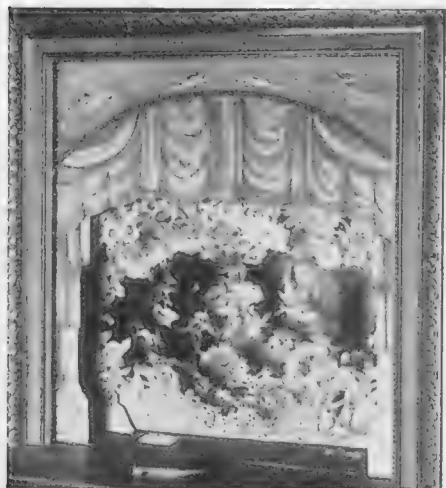
could wish for, and it is, moreover, filled from garret to basement with "curios"—strange and varied mementoes of a strange and varied career.

And to each object is attached some legend or anecdote or witticism. For instance, in the drawing-room is a very handsome tiger-skin rug. Dan points to it, his leathery little face beaming with good-humour and fun. "See that skin?" he asks. I reply that I do. "Well," with mock seriousness, "I did *not* shoot the animal that originally wore it. On the contrary, I bought the rug ready made-up, just as you see it now, at a furrier's in Bond Street. I mention this fact because I consider it to be unique. In the course of a long and varied career I have never yet met anyone who owned a tiger-skin who did not shoot the tiger. You see, there is an exception to every rule, however, and I am the exception to this one."

And so on from one relic to another, calling attention to each with some quaint witticism. I stop to admire a massive silver challenge-cup.

"Oh, yes," responds mine host, "I won that at the Music-Hall Sports. It was a football match between black and white teams. The day was dull and muggy, and the ground none of the cleanest. By the time we had finished nobody knew which team was black and which was white, so the referee gave the cup to the first person that came along. And the lucky individual happened to be me."

We Metropolitans have got so used to Dan that he seems to have been always with us. Yet it is scarcely nine years since he sang his first comic song on a London stage. He made his debut with a parody on "Queen of My Heart," and, as many will doubtless remember, took the town by storm. Long prior to that he had, of course, been famous as a clog-dancer, as is evidenced by the handsome silver belt which is one of Dan's most cherished possessions. It was won after a six-nights' contest—May 14 to 19, 1883—at the People's Music Hall, Oldham, and has remained in his hands ever since. In this connection



DAN'S STAGE FOR HIS CHILDREN.

the tiny clog, a photograph of which is reproduced, is interesting. It was sent by a North Country admirer on the advent of Dan's first-born

son, labelled, "For the second champion clog-dancer of the world." It measures not quite four inches, and is a perfect model in miniature of the heavy clogs beloved of the factory operatives of "owd Owdham."

Dan gets any number of songs sent him—witness the overflowing paper-basket depicted herewith. Very few of them, however, are any good. They are mostly, as he wittily expresses it, of the "As-I-was-walking-down-the-street-A-pretty-girl-I-chanced-to-meet" order. Now and then, though, something good turns up, and is promptly annexed. It was thus that the Beefeater ditty came into his possession. The bulk of his songs are, however, his own—stock, lock, and barrel. Even when he accepts one from an outsider, he never puts it on the stage under two years. Oftener it is five. This is to allow it to mellow. "A good song," remarks Dan sententiously, "is like a vintage wine: it improves with age."

It is a curious fact that nearly all the really first-rate variety "stars" of this day and generation—the successors of the old and usually more or less objectionable "lion comiques"—have been, so to speak, born in the profession. And Dan is no exception to the rule. His father and mother were none other than the famous Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Wilde—well-known to playgoers in the 'forties. They were the first to introduce the good old melodramatic sketches so popular years ago; the kind in which the hero is depicted in scene one as a young and lusty man weeping on his sweetheart's bosom prior to departing for the wars, and, after an interval of ten minutes or so for drinks, appears in scene two as a grey-headed veteran with a wooden leg.

In those days, Syndicate Halls, backed by wealthy companies, and paying princely salaries, were not. The ghost walked but seldom. Every little helped, and players' children were put early to work. Little Dan was no exception to the rule. A few days after celebrating his third birthday he made his first appearance on any stage. The place was the old Cosmotheque, Bell Street, Paddington—a building long since torn down and forgotten. He posed as an "infantile contortionist," and at the last moment it was discovered that there was not

in all London, a pair of tights small enough to fit him. Maternal resourcefulness, however, overcame this little difficulty, the necessary adjuncts being evolved, by the aid of a needle and thread, from a pair of Mrs. Wilde's long silk stockings. "And," solemnly concludes Dan in telling the tale, "they clothed me all over, from neck to feet."

In a morocco case, in a locked drawer of an old oaken bureau that stands in one corner of "Daniel's Den," that first pair of tights reposes to this very day. And, strange though it may seem, they constitute the most cherished of all Mr. Leno's many possessions.

Dan is just seven-and-thirty. He is a genuine Cockney, for he was born on the site of St. Pancras Station. "The station," he once declared, "was built to commemorate the great event, and might have been called, with due recognition of the fact, St. Daneras." Dan has become a "Lion" by dint of hard work.



A MORNING'S POST OF SONGS.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The 7th of this month being the tercentenary of the birth of Lorenzo Bernini, a committee of Roman artists, after visiting his tomb—a plain slab in the floor of the basilica of St. Mary Major—inaugurated a commemoration tablet in the house he once occupied, while later in the day Queen Margherita was present at an address in his honour delivered in one of the large halls of the Capitol. Lorenzo Bernini was regarded by his contemporaries as the greatest sculptor-architect of the seventeenth century, and even named “the modern Michel Angelo,” though most of his work bears the stamp of a period of decadence. Introduced to Paul V. at the tender age of eight, he so pleased the Pontiff with a drawing of St. Paul, executed in his presence, as to render him and the then Cardinal Maffeo Barberini patrons for life. The Borghese group of Daphne, pursued by Apollo, in the act of changing into a laurel-tree he chiselled in his eighteenth year. It is an exquisite composition, full of easy grace, and innocent of the exaggerated affectation which characterises his later work; instance the ecstatic St. Teresa in the Church of the Vittoria.

Among the most stately of Roman palaces is that of the Barberini, which he completed, altering the design of Carlo Maderno. Of his fountains the most remarkable is that of Piazza Navona, which so delighted Pope Innocent X. as to cause him to exclaim he felt ten years younger at the sight of it. Somewhat of a *stravaganza*, this fountain, with its abundance of water, is by no means displeasing. Three rivers of the Old World and one of the New are typified, the Nile with partially veiled head to denote unknown sources, while emerging from rock-carved grotto are a sea-horse and a lion about to drink; an alligator and crocodile are also there.

The colonnade of the vast piazza of St. Peter's, with space between its four rows of columns for two carriages abreast, must be pronounced his architectural masterpiece; his, too, the emphatically barocco baldacchino over the High Altar, which it took nine years to complete, and the Scala Regia of wondrous perspective. Working untiringly during a life of eighty-two years, which witnessed the reign of nine Popes, by all of whom he was engaged, at the age of seventy, in obedience to a pressing request of Louis XIV., he journeyed to Paris, fêted and gazed at wherever he halted, “as though he was an elephant,” as he jocosely described it. It is said that, alluding to his early work when an old man, he remarked that, had he continued in that style, he would have died in misery instead of rising to honour and wealth. Of undoubted genius and inimitable facility of conception, it is difficult to decide which to deplore the more—his neglect of inspiration from the antique, or the exaggeration of his faults by his imitators.

An extremely interesting loan collection of pictures was lately opened by Lord Rosebery at Perth. Its interest lies mainly in its cosmopolitan character—Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, early English, French, and up-to-date pictures hang side by side, and it is curious to find how many of them, apparently so diverse, are linked together. Morland, who is represented, was influenced by the Dutch, and he is the direct pictorial ancestor of Constable, whose fine “Dedham Lock” is in the Perth Gallery. Constable is both realistic and poetically imitative, and his “return to Nature” made quite a revolution in the beginning of this century. Old Fuseli put up an umbrella in front of one of his rainy pictures, and Constable made a revolution in art in France as well as in England. Corot and many another French artist owe much to him. Corot can be seen in two lovely little pearly landscapes, and Corot paid back his debt to England. Scores of our young artists have been influenced by him. A picture of Mr. James Paterson may be taken as an example of truth to Nature mingled with the poetic idyllic charm in which Corot excelled. Round the Velasquez, too, a chain of links can be woven. It is an early picture painted before the young painter went to the Court at Madrid. At this stage he painted with brilliant realistic force scenes of homely life. Here two peasants are seated at a table, while a girl pours out wine

with raised arm, an attitude so dear to artists. When taunted for doing such work instead of more ideal subjects, Velasquez replied, “I would rather be first in small things than second in larger ones.” And certainly he is *facile princeps*. Two Oriental sketches by Wilkie hang appropriately near. Wilkie was tremendously under the influence of the great Spaniard.

And then Sir Henry Raeburn's portraits are also in keeping, as Wilkie pointed out a strong resemblance in his “square touch” to that of Velasquez—Whistler's “Thomas Carlyle,” lent by the Glasgow Corporation, must be mentioned here. From Raeburn's delightful work one passes to a Romney of Lady Hamilton, and a fine, sober portrait of William Pitt by Hoppner. Sir Joshua is represented by one of his charming little girls. Mr. Sanderson, of Edinburgh, lends an interesting man's portrait by Rembrandt. Lord Kinnaid sends two charming portraits by Vandyck—a lady holding a child, and another of a little boy. Both were painted in his early manner, when he was living at Genoa, and are full of his delicate grace and clear colouring. The lady's sparkling eyes smile at us still. Gainsborough's portrait of a lady, with its subtle, sweet expression, shows the influence of Vandyck. One remembers that he placed Vandyck among the Immortals, saying, on his death-bed, “We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyck will be there.” Modern Dutchmen are represented by Israels, Blommers, and Neuhuys, and the trustees of the late Sir John Millais have sent a portrait of one of his daughters and the well-known “Haleyon Days.” It would be difficult to find a more interesting little collection.

The Christmas number of the *Poster* is an excellent compilation of the best art of the hoarding. A reproduction in colour of Steinlen's charming picture of the little red girl drinking Nestlé's milk is given as a supplement.

It would be impossible—frankly impossible—to overrate the extraordinary industry which Mr. J. Lewine has shown in his “Bibliography of Eighteenth Century Art and Illustrated Books” (Sampson Low). His book, which runs to over six hundred pages, is intended to be a guide to collectors of illustrated works in English and French of that particular period. It contains thirty-five plates, giving specimens of the work of the artists of the time, and it is practically an exhaustive commentary on the artistic production of the eighteenth century, so far as these two countries are concerned. Bibliography, as Mr. Lewine pointedly observes, may now be almost regarded as having entered within the domain of science, and of “books with embellishments, now so much in vogue, and deservedly coveted by the intelligent amateur, the record is almost barren.”

To supply this “long-outstanding want”—rather an odd phrase, it may be, but Mr. Lewine is less interesting perhaps as a writer than as a bibliographer—has been his primary motive in collecting the material now published, and he hopes that the result of his labours will be to furnish “a key to the treasures so eagerly looked for by the connoisseur, though hitherto, for want of adequate guidance, not always looked for with prudence or with knowledge.” It seems to me that Mr. Lewine's secondary motive (as he calls it) is even more interesting; he himself considers it modestly as “hardly less worthy of consideration.” This was to bring into harmony the productions of English and French literature of a parallel period, and to demonstrate that “they are not only not imitative, but that each in its own sphere is creative.” That is a theorem which it was well worth any man's while to prove. When Mr. Lewine goes on to observe that “the love of pictures has from time immemorial been a passion more or less easily awakened in the human breast,” one feels inclined to turn to his catalogue. On that subject it is impossible to say anything but, “Turn to it yourself, if you are interested in his subject. Here is such evidence of labour, care, and conscientiousness as would have aroused the envy of a Casaubon.” And it is by that fact, I rather think, that Mr. Lewine would be content to be judged.



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE PIAZZA NAVONA.—LORENZO BERNINI.





FROM THE GARDEN OF GIRLS.

THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. KENDAL.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

TO THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM.

The world grows Old. But Youth demands
 Its meed of praise:
 Its more than meed, perchance. It stands
 At all the ways
 Where Fortune, Fame, or Glory lies,
 And seeks alone to win the prize.

Youth is the magic spell that chains
 The fickle stage,
 The house, or so methinks, disdains
 The gift of Age.
 The old tragedian eloquent
 Gives place to some young "walking gent."

What of the Art that once took years
 To master well?
 The audience mostly keeps its cheers
 For beau and belle.
 The hopes of Art and Age may rankle
 Before our homage to an ankle.

But yours the triumph to have come
 And held the town,
 Not by a trick, nor yet the sum
 Of gaud and gown.
 You came with all the charm of yore,
 And London is your slave once more.

The man of fifty, staunch and true,
 And yet how staid,
 How could he ever hope to woo
 The merry maid?
 He needs must fall before your feet,
 Your bondsman—master; both complete.

You who have thrilled our hearts of old
 Are still a queen
 Who rules by right of power to hold
 A house serene.
 The Buds may still by bards be prest—
 I think the Elder Blossom best.



Andrew Quick (Mr. Kendal), the wooer of the younger Miss Blossom, is astonished to find himself so lovingly greeted by the elder Miss Blossom (Mrs. Kendal).



The elder Miss Blossom conquers the heart of Andrew Quick, F.R.S.



The younger and the elder Miss Blossoms, niece and aunt (Miss Nellie Campbell and Mrs. Kendal).

THE YOUNGER MISS BLOSSOM.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS NELLIE CAMPBELL AS SOPHIA BLOSSOM, THE NIECE.

Middle-aged Andrew Quick danced with Sophia at a ball, and purloined the handkerchief which bore the name of her aunt, from whom she had borrowed it. He courted the niece (by letter), but, of course, his letters were received (and accepted) by the aunt. That is the kernel of the little tragedy.

THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MRS. KENDAL AS DOROTHY BLOSSOM, THE AUNT.

So when Quick came back he was surprised that the niece received him as a friend, not as her affianced husband. He was equally surprised at the aunt's attitude, which was, of course, the reverse. But the aunt (especially as portrayed by Mrs. Kendal, who touched the highest point in her art in this rôle) completely conquered him in the long run, and August and September made a happy match, leaving May to the curate.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE HANGING OF THE CURATE.

BY ALFRED BURGESS.

"Telegram for you, sir."

"Bother the telegrams! Can't you see I'm busy arranging these roses, James?"

"Beg pardon, sir. Thought it might be important, sir."

"Read it, then."

"Yes, sir." The paper rustled and snapped. "It says, sir, 'Handed in at the Wayland Post——'"

"Wayland! Here, give it to me."

"I thought it must be important, sir."

"James, I'll ring when I want you."

James bowed and made his exit, while I sank into a gaping arm-chair to read the telegram—

I request you to meet me at St. Pancras at 1.30.—ANGELA.

It is a good thing for both of us that my cousin Angela does not frequently come up to town, for then she doesn't so often collapse with excitement and I don't so often suffer from fatigue. Never mind, this is a lovely day, and with such a companion as Angela, too. She is sure to appear in some wonderful summer costume just arrived from Redfern's; and then, again, it's Saturday, and she won't be able to drag me along Regent Street, where it is continual dodging about just to get a glimpse of rows of hats stuck on brass rods. The shops will be shut, and I prefer the Park to millinery. The Park with Angela! I must not disappoint her.

"James, James!"

"Yes, sir."

"You will get my best silk ironed, and go along to Walker and Todd to see whether that frock-coat is ready."

"Yes, sir."

"And, James, you will see to things. There will be company here."

At a quarter past one I was at St. Pancras; at a quarter to two the Bedford train steamed in.

"Jack, are you looking for me among the luggage? I had to run after you."

It was Angela, laughing, as gay as a butterfly on the wing. Angela is a bundle of nerves; but, oh, such a pretty and dainty bundle!

"How charming you are looking to-day, Angela!"

"I am so glad you've come and are going to be nice. Of course, you got my telegram, Jack?"

"Was it a telegram only? It read like a police summons."

"Don't make unpleasant comparisons, Jack. The rural sub-postmaster hadn't got change for a shilling, so I padded the telegram out and had my money's worth. Jack, you've got to take me for a 'bus-ride. I want the front seat on top. I adore London 'buses!'"

"How extravagant your adoration is!"

"Come along, Jack. I like the look of that green one, and there's no one on it. The driver has got a nice rosy face, and the horses are grey ones. There now, Jack, I call that delightful. Won't you buy up all the other seats, so that we can run the 'bus the whole journey as if it were our own? You can give the conductor a rest, and let him come up and smoke one of your choicest cigars on the back-seat."

"Angela, Angela, do take breath!"

"Why, Jack, I haven't had a chance to say a word since I said goodbye to Aunt Prue at Wayland. They made me go first-class, you know, because of my frock, and there wasn't a male to talk to all the way. There was Miss Smith from The Elms, and her friend. They always seem afraid of me. Why is it, Jack?"

"Well, you know, Angela, other people like to talk sometimes, even if it is in a railway carriage."

"Jack, that's the second time; now please don't correct me any more. I mean to have a jolly afternoon. Where are we going, Jack? Why don't you tell me all the places and all about them? What is the good of a cousin who lives in town if he doesn't show you the sights? That's why we have cousins, just so as we shan't be bothered with those monotonous guide-books. There's the name, 'Russell Square'; why is it called 'Russell Square'?"

I confess my ignorance, but feel no shame about it. "How can you expect me to know? The only time I ever visit it is when on my journey to Wayland Hall."

"Then I excuse you. It's so seldom you come to Wayland Hall that you will have to acknowledge your ignorance of that very soon."

"That is a very unkind cut, and from you, Angela!"

"Is it? Well, it does seem long ago. Oh, look! The Holborn Restaurant! Why can't we go down Holborn, Jack? Ask the coachman to take us down to the City. I am sure he will if you ask him nicely. No, I'm not going to move. The coachman must have his own way for once. Where are we now? I don't like this so much."

"Drury Lane——"

"Then, Drury Lane is better in winter. The summer pantomime is not nearly so pretty. Let us stop a bit to hear that barrel-organ—French piano, I mean. Do ask him to stop a bit! Oh, I forgot—we said he could have his own way, didn't we? Where do you think he will take us, Jack?"

"Piccadilly, next."

"Piccadilly? Oh yes, I know—famous for 'weepers' and fancy-dress balls."

"We pass Devonshire House."

"You did say 'pass,' didn't you, Jack, though I didn't detect any accent."

"Angela, I really must protest!"

"Then protest."

"You haven't told me how the Squire is, and whether Aunt Prudence is cured of the rheumatism—in fact, I want to hear all the Wayland news."

"It's soon told. Dad is having excellent sport, and Aunt Prue is—— Jack, I haven't seen an electrical cab yet! Will you show me one? And what beautiful gates those are! Whose house is that we are passing?"

"That is Devonshire House. But you were saying, or going to say, something about Aunt Prue."

"So I was. Aunt Prue is matchmaking again—you haven't seen an electrical cab yet, have you? Do you think there will be any electrical 'buses? I wish he wouldn't drive so fast. It spoils the pleasure, and it's not safe."

"But the matchmaking——?"

"Yes, Aunt Prue wants me to marry the curate. Isn't it kind of her, Jack. Here is another turn. I don't think I shall like that way; may we go straight on? They are shouting for Hammersmith. Come along! We will go and call on Walter, and make him give us some tea. Then I will tell you all about Aunt Prue and the curate. I want Walter to know; Walter is so sympathetic, and the curate is so impossible. Walter listens to me by the hour—I do so like a good listener; and he plays tennis so well—I like a good tennis-player; he doesn't notice or object if I cheat. Oh yes, I must go and tell Walter all about the curate."

"Oh, hang the curate!"

"Jack, how good of you! Will you though? Now that's just what I want to hear Walter say. I'm sure he will. Who is the gallant-looking warrior with the golden feathers; how I should like him for a champion to challenge Aunt Prue and the curate to mortal combat! How lovely those gardens look! We would go and stroll there for an hour, but I must see Walter; you know his house, don't you, Jack? Do you often go and see him? Jack, I positively can't sit here any longer; that man in front is smoking shag tobacco. Please help me down."

"Then we shall have to walk the rest of the way."

"Oh, I'm quite tired of the 'buses, and I should like to walk, if you won't find me an electrical cab."

"It isn't far; five more minutes and we shall be at his door. I thought you would come and take tea with me, Angela."

"I do believe you are jealous, Jack! Why didn't you ask me?"

"It was absurd of me to forget to ask you; but I took it as a foregone conclusion and made arrangements accordingly."

"But I really want to see Walter; I have a message for him from Dad, and then there is the curate business."

"Oh, hang the curate!"

"Jack, your repetitions are as tiresome as the curate's formulas. Please indulge in original remarks; they are so much more convincing."

"True, it would not do for my remarks to clash with Walter's. Here we are at his door."

But Walter was not at home. He had gone for a walk half-an-hour ago. Angela left the Squire's message for him, refusing the ladies' invitation to come in to tea, and we came away again.

Angela's spirits fell.

"Isn't it horrid of him?"

"Did you let him know you were coming?"

"No, of course not; I hadn't time."

"Then don't you think you are just a little unreasonable?"

"You don't humour me in the least, Jack. I'm a perfect martyr."

"Oh, cheer up, Angela; here's an electrical cab."

Angela was all radiant smiles again. Fortunately, the motor-cab was unoccupied, and the driver was tempted by the offer of a good fare. We took our seats, and started off for Piccadilly. Angela was like a child with a new toy.

"Why don't they throw the roof off, Jack? Everybody's looking at us. Isn't it a too delightful sensation?"

I agreed with her. She didn't talk much during the ride; she just enjoyed looking at all the moving throngs in the road and on the footpaths.

"Jack, tell him we will go in the Park."

"We should not be allowed to go in the Park in his conveyance, Angela. We had better get out and walk."

"Jack, you must get that altered at once; but, if we really have to choose between a walk in the Park and a ride in a motor-cab, why, I would rather have the——the——Jack, choose for me."

"Well, we may meet Walter if we go in the Park."

"Shall we? Then let us get out."

So we dismissed the cab.

"I hope we shall meet Walter. I shall never forgive him if we don't. I am sure I shall fall a victim to Aunt Prue's scheming and have to marry that dove-like young curate."

"Oh, hang the curate! Angela, will you marry me instead?"



RINGING UP SANTA CLAUS.



A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL IN RED.

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THEATRE NOTES.

On these two pages I give pictures of the two Miss Moores. They are not related at all, I need hardly point out. Miss Mary Moore has had but one manager, Mr. C. Wyndham. Miss Eva Moore has had many. The former began her career at Bradford in Mr. Wyndham's company that toured with "The Candidate," in March 1885. Miss Eva Moore started at the Vaudeville (also in a farcical comedy) on Dec. 15, 1887. She was born at Brighton, and several of her sisters are in "the" profession in one way or another, the best-known being Decima and Jessie, both of them musical, as Miss Eva herself is. In private life, Mary Moore is Mrs. James Albery, widow. Eva Moore is Mrs. H. V. Esmond.

The dramatic critics in South Africa are praising Miss Eily Desmond's performances with the Wheeler-Edwards Company which is touring there. Miss Desmond has made a great "hit" as Lady Algy in Mr. Carton's delightful comedy.

Miss Margaret Young, whose play, "The Leaden Casket," has been added by Mr. George Alexander to his already long list of new pieces awaiting production, was, it will be remembered, the author of the semi-idyllic, but not in all respects convincing, little drama, prettily called "Honesty—A Cottage Flower," which was presented by the New Century Theatre as curtain-raiser before their production of "Admiral Guinea," at the Avenue, on Nov. 29 and following days last year. In this play a great "hit" was made by Miss Kate Rorke in a part quite out of her usual line, as a romantic and devoted foundling and servant-girl, with the odd name of Clorinda Anne Smith.



MISS EVA MOORE.

Quite apart from "Cyrano de Bergerac," which is being played in various versions, American theatre-goers have just been treated liberally to romantic drama. I have already referred to the play based on "Phroso," dramatised by Anthony Hope, Mr. Edward Rose, and H. V. Esmond, and first brought out at Boston; and Philadelphia has seen the productions of Mr. Hamilton's play, re-named, for Transatlantic purposes, "The King's Musketeer," with Mr. E. H. Sothorn as d'Artagnan, and of "Rupert of Hentzau," with Mr. James K. Hackett as the two Rudolfs. Mr. George Alexander will, it is well known, first introduce the dramatisation of the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda" to English audiences, and there is some talk of Mr. Charles Frohman sending over his own company, including Miss Millward, to play "Phroso" in London.

Extensive preparations are being made for the fourth of the annual Shaksperian revivals at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, "A Winter's Tale" being the play selected for performance. In this, I am interested to observe, the part of Leontes will be played by that rising actor Mr. Philip Cunningham (a member of the Boosey family, I believe, and husband to handsome Miss Ada Branson), who has been playing Marcus Superbus for some time past in one of Mr. William Greet's "Sign of the Cross" companies. The Hermione of Mr. R. Flanagan's Manchester revival will be Miss Maggie Hunt, lately playing Marian Hume in "The White Heather"; the Florizel, Mr. F. L. Hare; the Perdita, Miss Edith Blair-Staples; and the Polixenes, that sound legitimate actor Mr. George F. Black.



MISS EVA MOORE AS GABRIELLE IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

PANTOMIMES AT THE ADELPHI.

Once more the Adelphi Theatre is in possession of a regular pantomime. Playgoers of this generation, and of a generation prior to theirs, have grown so accustomed to find melodrama at this popular house, that this particular dramatic fare is associated with it in the minds of the public,

and "Adelphi melodrama," "Adelphi villain," "Adelphi heroines," and "Adelphi heroes," have become common terms in the parlance of the supporters of the stage. Yet pantomime is by no means a stranger to this historic house, which to-day stands on the site of what was, at the beginning of this century, traditionally supposed to be a portion of the farm and dairy that once supplied "cream, butter, and new-laid eggs" to the household of that merry-hearted monarch, Charles II.

Mr. John Scott, who, in the early days of the nineteenth century, made a substantial fortune out of a liquid dye, which he named "True Blue,"

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI
 Proprietors, Messrs. YATES & GLADSTONE. Under the Management of Mr. YATES.
 The Splendid Piece of **VALSHA!**
 With its extraordinary and beautiful effects—Look to the PICTURES!
 The Funniest Pantomime on Town
MADemoiselle CELESTE
 will perform. To-night and to-morrow, VICTOR, in the Fall of Constantinople and on Sunday, January 1st, in an entirely new Drama, embracing the whole strength of the Company—and in which
MR. HARRY BEVERLEY
 who is engaged at this Theatre will make his first appearance; to be called **SAINT MARY'S EVE!**
 Or, a Story of the Solway.
MRS. NISBETT
 will join the Company early in JANUARY.
FRIDAY, Dec. 29th, and SATURDAY, 30th, 1897.
VALSHA!
 Or, THE SLAVE QUEEN.
 The whole of the MUSIC by A. FLAT, Composer to the Italian Opera House.
 The first production under the management of Mr. YATES.
 Cast: (King of Bohemia) Mr. C. LLENFORD. (Queen) Mrs. LYON.
 (Prince of Hungary) Mr. J. B. WILKINSON. (Duchess) Mrs. CATHIE.
 (Grand Vizier) Mr. O. B. SMITH. (Wise Merchant in the Desert) Mr. WILKINSON.
 (Lepidus, Captain of the Royal Guard) Mr. BARNES. (John, Commander of the Slave Captains) Mr. DUNN.
 (First Guard, and Third Citizens) Messrs. Young, Upshall and Smith.
 (Valsha, the Slave Queen) Mrs. YATES.
 (Hans, Prince of Hungary) Mrs. LEE. (Herman, Prince of France) Mr. COOKE.
 (Nurse, Maid, Kite, and Dabbe (Baron to the Bohemian Nobles) Miss A. Taylor, Mrs. Dwyer, Miss Shaw, & Miss Johnson.
Act I.—VALSHA AND THE SLAVE.
Splendid Interior of the Palace of Premislaus!
COURT OF THE PALACE AT PRAGUE. THE PUBLIC FOUNTAIN.
MARRIAGE CORTEGE OF THE PRINCESS OF HUNGARY.
ONSLAUGHT OF THE SAXONS!
GRAND ENTREE OF VALSHA.
Queen's Guard—Teutonic Triumph
Act II.—VALSHA THE QUEEN.
HALL OF CHARLEMAGNE.
The Queen's Coronation Banquet.
Act III.—VALSHA THE VICTIM.
Dungeon of the Arsenal. The Citadel.
Punishment of the Battlement!!

AN OLD PLAY-BILL.

obtained a lease of the old dairy-buildings, demolished them, and built a small theatre in their stead. At first, the performance was a mixed one of song and monologue by his clever daughter. The show was a success, so he enlarged the place and opened his house in November 1806, as the "Sans Pareil." Here pantomime was given at certain seasons, and such works of this class as "Harlequin Cottager; or, The Wandering Fairy," and "The Poison Tree; or, Harlequin in Java," were produced. At Christmas, 1822, the everlasting "Tom and Jerry" was compressed to make room for the pantomime of "Beauty and the Beast; or, Harlequin and the Magic Rose." Other pantomime ventures were "Doctor Faustus and the Black Demons," and "Mother Redcap" in 1824.

In 1825 the theatre passed into the hands of Terry and Yates, whose first pantomime was "The Three Golden Lamps; or, Harlequin and the Wizard Dwarf." The financial affairs of Daniel Terry became much involved, and the result was the dissolution of the firm and the introduction of Charles Mathews the elder to share the fortunes of Frederick Yates. Their first pantomime, in 1828, paid a compliment to "gallant little Wales": "The Magic Marrowbone; or, Taffy was a Welshman," was its name. At the end of 1835 the Adelphi was let to Ephraim Bond, and opened in November "under the management of Mrs. Nisbett." The pantomime this year was dubbed "The Elf Queen," and was considered an extraordinarily brilliant production. In 1842 Yates died, and the surviving partner, Gladstone, gave a pantomime that year, "The Children in the Wood." Next year Gladstone and Mrs. Yates gave "Bluebeard; or, The Fairy of the Silver Crescent."

For several successive Christmases no pantomime delighted Adelphi audiences, but in 1850 Albert Smith wrote an "extravaganza" called "The Tarantula; or, The Spider King," which was successfully produced. The year 1851 saw a pantomime by Tom Taylor, "Little Red Riding Hood," and at Christmas, 1852, was given one with a short and historic title, "Nell Gwynne." Shirley Brooks and Mark Lemon were responsible for the extravaganza of 1853, which they christened "Number Nip."

In 1858 came the last performances at the old Adelphi and the opening of the new Adelphi in the last month of that year, when "Mother Redcap" was for the third time the title of the Christmas attraction. "The Nymph of the Lurlenberg," by H. J. Byron, was included in the programme of the festive season of 1859, and in 1860 he supplied the theatre with a burlesque of "Bluebeard." In 1862 there was produced the extravaganza of "George de Burnwell," and "Lady Belle Belle," from the pen of H. J. Byron, in the following winter. No pantomime in 1864, while in 1865 Mr. Jefferson brought us his inimitable "Rip Van Winkle," which ran from September in that year till March in the next. A burlesque by Andrew Halliday, called "Mountain Dhu," was the Christmas attraction in this year. In 1867, as many of us can remember, "No Thoroughfare," by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, was produced on Boxing Night, and took the town by storm. A burlesque, called "The Mistletoe Bough," by Farnie, was the next approach to pantomime at the Adelphi. This was in 1870, and in 1871 came "Little Snow White," an extravaganza by Mr. C. Millward, and the same author—Miss Jessie Millward's father, I believe—wrote "Jack and the Beanstalk" for this house in '72. The last pantomime at the Adelphi of which I can find a record is "Robin Hood and His Merry Little Men" in 1878.

W. C. F.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Christmas is the season of Peace and Goodwill; and, so far, it is an excellent time for a kindly response to the well-meant message of the young Czar of All the Russias. We are all anxious to live on good terms with other nations; we are desirous of trading and administering without any impediment or friction. But it is very doubtful whether St. James's Hall meetings are likely to bring about endless peace, and whether the dove with the olive-branch is adequately and suitably represented by Mr. W. T. Stead. For he, to speak plainly, has established a reputation as a sort of gratuitous Barnum. He is never happy unless he is making an exhibition of himself in some worthy cause. Relegated to obscurity for a time by his ill-advised excursions into Spiritualism, that seedy Borderland of sanity, he was elevated into the full glare of the limelight by the Czar's Peace Encyclical. He toured the Continent as what newspapers call a "Special Commissioner," and merchants a "bagman"; he travelled in peace, in the commercial sense. He saw the Czar and spoke with him, and came back to preach the new Evangel from any platform that was not fenced off with barbed wire.

The rest of the speakers were like unto him. They belonged mostly to the talkers, the worthy people whose feet have as irresistible an attraction towards the wood of the public platform as the negative pole of one magnet to the positive pole of another. They were the persons who could not be prevented from speaking on any topic of interest by anything but a miracle, or a surgical operation. As for the statesmen and others who wrote letters, their contributions practically amounted to the obvious statement that peace would be a very good thing if it could be managed. Of a real method of carrying out these edifying doctrines, there was nowhere a glimmer. The practical men gave vague assent to a noble idea; the theorists and humanitarians were left to work out the details—if they could.

It cannot be said that the eloquence of St. James's Hall brought the general disarmament much nearer than did the performances of the neighbouring Moore and Burgess Minstrels—possibly its effect was even less. For we know that "music hath charms," especially when combined with burnt cork and mildewed jests, to reduce the average man to a state of peace with all around. But platform oratory, though doubtless soothing to the hearer, and a good exercise, in moderation, for the speaker, seems to have very little after-effect. If disarmament is ever agreed on, it will be by a conference of Chiefs of Staff, after a dry and unsympathetic discussion of certain hard military facts.

And this conference is not exactly likely to be called together very soon. The Christmas message of Peace and Goodwill to men has a very significant and probably more accurate reading; it is translated as "Peace to men of good will." Now, the Czar is a man of good will; in this the most cynical are at one with Mr. Stead—but what about his advisers and servants? If there is one thing more clearly established by history and geography than another, it is that Russia is practically invulnerable to invasion. By land, the enormous distances, the rigorous winters, and the absence of any vital nerve-centre of empire to be struck, make an inroad certain of failure. The only way of conquering Russia, as the Crimean War proved, is by the slow exhaustion of a doubtful frontier conflict. By sea, attack is even more hopeless. The coast of European Russia is small in proportion to the size of the Empire; winter protects the Baltic shores, and the Black Sea is closed by international jealousies. When the Siberian Railway is completed, the Pacific Coast will be reasonably safe without a fleet.

And yet Russia is steadily working to be ready for war. Mr. Stead says that the special naval programme, which was obviously aimed at England, is abandoned; yet ships are being built in Russia and abroad in numbers. "Destroyers" are to be constructed with all speed—against whom? What is the meaning of this naval activity? In 1854, all the efforts of the two greatest navies of the world could do nothing of moment against the Russian coasts; now one of those navies is on Russia's side—yet still the arming goes on. If Great Britain were suddenly to add a hundred thousand men to her army, without any obvious necessity, the whole world would say, and justly, that we were preparing to attack some other Power. Now Russia needs a navy rather less than England needs an army. Therefore, if Russia goes on with a considerable increase of her fleet, it must mean an intention to attack some other State, or, at least, to do what may provoke a war, and at no distant date.

The Germans may talk sentiment and philanthropy in their leisure moments, but in the practical business of statecraft they are hard-headed enough. And their reply to the Message of Peace is characteristic. They are forming new Army Corps, and adopting a new quick-firing gun.

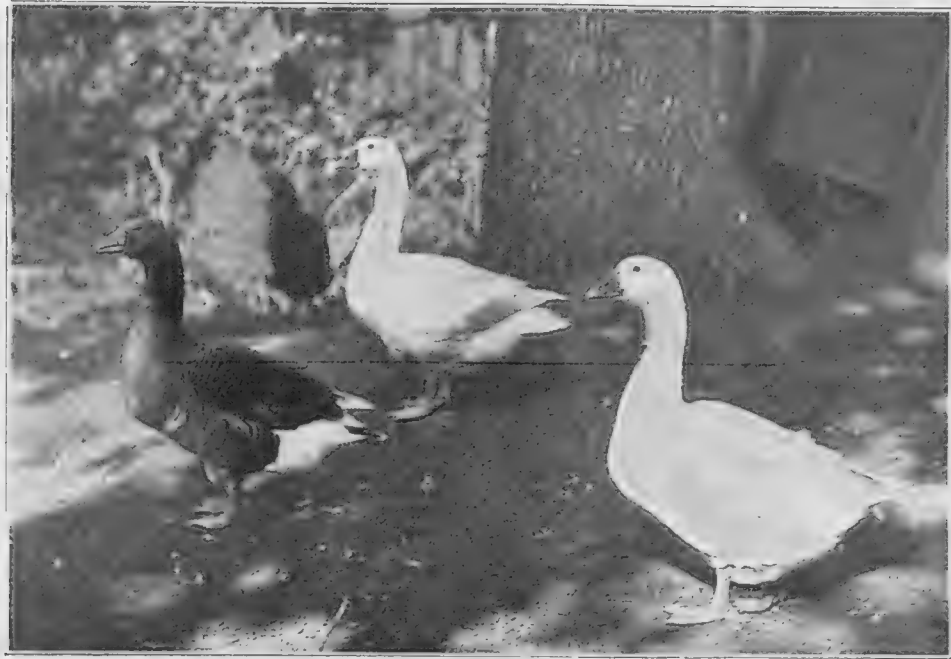
MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

The Christmas goose is once more on many a British table. They differ, of course, from Michaelmas geese, which feed almost entirely on green-meat, principally grass. The quantity of this they consume is surprising. A flock of thirty make a great difference to the amount of "keep" in a field, rasping it off with their saw-like bills. I have seen them



SOME FINE BIRDS.

returning from the pasture in the evening with their crops and throats stuffed with grass—indeed, having eaten so much that the ends protrude from their bills; and they are quite unable to swallow any of the supper provided for them. They waddle off to the goose-house, and, with much hissing and cackling, settle down for the night. The tame goose is a descendant of the wild variety, but, owing to centuries of domestication, its wings have decreased in size while its body has increased in bulk, and, although it can on occasion fly for a short distance, it has to make great efforts to do so.

The eggs of the goose are larger than those of any other denizen of the poultry-yard. Thirteen or fourteen are generally laid in a clutch, and, if undisturbed, the female will hatch out her own eggs, and bring off two broods in a season, leading them to the pond as soon as hatched, for they are naturally fond of water. The goslings grow rapidly, and are ready to kill in three months' time. Of course, the Christmas goose is older than this (ofttimes much older, some will say), and is prepared for market by going through the process of cramming, during which it is confined to a pen, and soft food, consisting of meal and meat, is forced into its crop three times a-day by a cramming-machine. Five weeks of this treatment make a vast difference to its weight and appearance, a full-sized goose weighing no less than 24 lb.

When in good plumage, a flock of geese make a fine show. The Embdens are white, while the Toulouse are grey; the plumage of the latter is not quite so valuable as the white, a fact for which they may be thankful, as they do not get plucked so often on that account. They are long-lived creatures, having been known to reach the age of twenty years or more. As their age increases, the more mischievous they become, fighting their own kind, chasing and interfering with other fowl, attacking strangers. I well remember being chased as a boy by an old gander, which appeared to be maddened by the red dress which I wore. If not checked, they become very dangerous; a blow from a goose's powerful wing has been known to break the leg of a horse. When they reach this age, it is little use cooking them, as it would require an age to dismember the carcase. They will also, in winter-time, burrow into and spoil the stacks of corn; it is a curious sight to see a dozen or more with their heads and necks buried in the corn, while their bodies are, like the proverbial ostrich, in full view. They are watchful at night, and will scream and cackle at the least disturbance. The legend that they saved Rome by alarming the garrison is, therefore, to say the least, quite probable, although the historians may be inclined to treat the story as the merest fable.

J. T. N.

INTERESTING TO SPORTING READERS.

"The Sportsman's Year-Book" (Lawrence and Bullen), which is edited by Mr. C. S. Colman and Mr. A. H. Windsor, has just been published for the first time. It is a book so eminently useful as a chronicle of "times," "distances," and "records" of every possible description, that its appearance in successive years is already established.

"The Sportsman's Year-Book" owes its publication to suggestions by Mr. Ahalo, whose connection with the "Encyclopædia of Sport" is well known, and the efforts of the editor have been directed towards compiling a veritable sportsman's Whitaker, with especial reference to the rules of the chief English sports and games. "The Sportsman's Year-Book" includes an admirable diary, which gives the important features in racing, yachting, coursing, shooting, cricket, football, tennis, skating, rackets, golf; the "close" times in hunting, shooting, fishing; whilst writers whose qualifications are matured by practical experience contribute interesting sketches of sports with which they are more peculiarly associated. As an indication of the comprehensive scope of this little volume, articles have been included which deal with the intricacies of curling, bowls, lacrosse, baseball, wrestling, as well as the better-known pursuits of shooting, yachting, hunting, polo, racing, coursing, billiards, boxing, and golf. The little volume fills a void, and is entitled to a prominent place upon the sportsman's table, not only as an accurate work of reference, but by reason of its intrinsic merit.

To Messrs. A. and D. Innes' "Isthmian Library" Mr. Monier Williams has added a capital volume on "Figure Skating," which art, despite the way our climate treats skaters, has been brought to a high level in recent years. It is not a book for beginners on the ice, being rather a manual of Higher Skating Education, which describes lucidly to those who understand the terminology simple and continuous figures, and the various graceful exercises for single skaters and well-drilled groups. The diagrams are clear, and do much to help one's understanding of the text. The way of would-be figure-skaters is oftentimes hard, and this book, being arranged on the progressive principle, from the easy to the intricate, should save its students many falls.

Every amateur naturalist and photographer has read the Messrs. Kearton's "British Birds'-Nests" and "With Nature and a Camera." In the delightful book of bloodless sport and exciting adventure, "Wild Life at Home" (Cassell), the authors take us behind the scenes and explain exactly how they proceed to obtain their photographs of birds, nests, and beasts in their haunts. One hardly knows which are most deserving of admiration—the photographs themselves, or the cool-headed daring, patience, and ingenuity employed to get them. The photography of wild creatures is a very real and charming sport, and one which calls for all the best qualities of the sportsman. The fact that the business makes such demands upon its votaries accounts in a great measure for the smallness of the number who take it up in earnest. The Messrs. Kearton have practically a monopoly, and the monopoly could not be in more capable, judicious, and painstaking hands. Some of the illustrations from photographs are real gems.



SOME OF THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD'S WILD GEESSE.

From Photographs by Newman, Berkhamstead.

MELBOURNE "ARGUS" AND MR. F. W. HADDON.



MR. FREDERICK W. HADDON.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

With the exception of the eminent Delane, who occupied the editorial chair of the *Times* for a period of thirty-six years, the record for continuous direction of a leading daily newspaper's policy falls unquestionably to Mr. Frederick William Haddon, who has just retired from the editorship of the Melbourne *Argus*, after thirty-one years. Mr. C. A. Cooper, of the *Scotsman*, certainly runs Mr. Haddon close with thirty years' service to look back upon, but it must be remembered that among these are included the term Mr. Cooper spent as assistant editor, whereas during the whole of the Australian journalist's time he was in absolute possession of the chair. Mr. Haddon is an Englishman, having been born at Croydon in 1839. He was educated at private schools, and, having at an early age given unmistakable proofs of the literary ability which afterwards did so much to raise the tone and the standard of Australian journalism, he embarked upon the sea of letters. His articles on economic subjects, at first thought to be the work of some aged expert who had devoted a lifetime to the study of political science, attracted considerable attention at the time, and eventually young Haddon became the Assistant-Secretary to the Statistical Society of London. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to a similar position to the Institute of Actuaries, and within a few months became the editor of the Statistical Society's *Journal*. It was while in this position that the proprietary of the *Argus*, learning of the brilliant young writer who was wasting his talents on the comparative obscurity of a class paper, offered Mr. Haddon, then only twenty-four years of age, the position of a leader-writer on their staff. The offer was accepted, and from 1863 to 1867 Mr. Haddon was one of the principal leader-writers on the Melbourne *Argus*. In the latter year the editorial chair became vacant, and there was instant unanimity on the part of the members of the proprietary that Mr. Haddon should fill it. He was accordingly appointed, and until the present year he has retained the position with credit to himself, profit to the proprietary, and advantage to the community. There was certainly a short interruption in the continuity of Mr. Haddon's tenure when, in 1879, he visited England as the representative of the Constitutional Party in Victoria, invested with power to oppose the attempt of the Berry Government to obtain an alteration of the colony's constitution. The amendment sought would have given the Victorian Government power to override the veto of the Legislative Council, and so eloquently did Mr. Haddon put the case of the Constitutionalists that the Imperial Government refused to sanction the alteration, and the *Argus* secured a victory in the face of a hostile majority who have since learned how utterly mistaken were their views of eighteen years back. The importance of the question is apt to be lost sight of at this late date; but, when it is remembered that in the middle 'seventies there was a large and influential party clamorous for the separation of Australia from the Mother Country, and that a powerful Royal Commission had even recommended that the relations of the two countries should be such as prevailed between Great Britain and Hanover a hundred years ago, it is obvious that the work accomplished at that time by Mr. Haddon and the *Argus* is deserving of the gratitude, not only of the Australian public, but of the peoples of the whole British Empire. Forceful yet graceful, consistent yet versatile, Mr. Haddon's articles still stand as models of perfect English for the Antipodean writer to emulate, and, by his careful discrimination, his unerring judgment, and his faculty in creating masterpieces out of unpromising raw material, the *Argus* has been raised to the position of the leading journal of Australia. Neither has the work of Mr. Haddon affected only the paper he is directly connected with, for the advancement in literary merit on the part of the *Argus* naturally acted as a spur to its rivals, and all through the island-continent the quality of journalism of a quarter of a century ago is not to be compared with that of to-day. It cannot, of course, be said that Mr. Haddon is responsible entirely for this improvement in style, but his influence has undoubtedly been immeasurable in its advantages, widespread in its scope. To-day Mr. Haddon occupies the position on the proprietary of the *Argus* formerly held by the late Mr. Gowen Evans, as representative of the interests of the estate of the late William Wilson, the present editor being Mr. Howard Willoughby, for many years the principal political writer on the staff. In private life Mr. Haddon is one of the most popular residents of Melbourne; urbane and genial to all, and with a keen sense of humour, he is the ideal chairman of a convivial gathering, and, as the President of the Victoria Poultry and Kennel Club, he is afforded ample opportunity for the display of these qualifications. The presidentship of this institution Mr. Haddon has held for many years by virtue of his personality and the fact of being the principal breeder of first-class dogs in Australia.

A NEW IRISH WRITER

The name "Michael MacDonagh" has frequently appeared of late appended to articles in the leading reviews and magazines on Irish character, Press life, and Parliamentary history and customs. These are three varied topics for one writer to make his own; but, then, Mr. MacDonagh is a versatile Irishman, he is a journalist, and the Press Galleries of the Houses of Parliament are the scene of much of his journalistic labours. These contributions are distinguished by the wealth of entertaining gossip and fresh and genial anecdote. And now appears a most amusing book by Mr. MacDonagh, entitled "*Irish Life and Character*" (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton), running to five hundred pages, divided into twenty-one chapters, each treating of a different phase of the life and character of that highly complex and very amusing being, the Irish peasant, illustrated by copious anecdotes and by the experiences of the author during a twenty-one years' connection with the Irish newspapers.

Born in Limerick in the early 'sixties, Mr. MacDonagh was reared almost in a newspaper office. His father was employed, for over forty years, on one of the local papers; and by the time Mr. MacDonagh himself was twenty-one, he had had four or five years' experience of the multifarious duties which fall to the lot of a young reporter on a provincial journal. He has not only to record all sorts and descriptions of local doings—police-courts, fires, bazaars, sermons, public meetings, athletic sports, horse-races, marriages, meetings of the local boards, &c.—but he is expected also to assist the compositor "at case," to canvass for advertisements, to write the wrappers, and, in time, to marry the proprietor's eldest daughter. But, all the same, it is an excellent training for a young journalist, and Mr. MacDonagh found its advantages after his appointment, early in 1885, in his twenty-second year, to the staff of the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin—though he was no longer expected to assist the compositors "at case," canvass for advertisements, or marry the proprietor's daughter. Probably Mr. MacDonagh regretted the latter circumstance at the time, but he has since married the daughter of somebody else. It was an exciting and adventurous life—that of one of the leading members of the staff of the *Freeman's Journal*, which position Mr. MacDonagh held for close on eight years, during a wild and stormy period of political and agrarian strife in Ireland. Needless to say, there was considerable risk to life and limb in this rough and varied life. He got a charge of buckshot from the police during the terrible Orange Riots of 1886 (after the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill) in Belfast, which lasted two months, and during which thirty or forty people were killed and hundreds of houses were wrecked; and he has been beaten with an unpleasant impartiality by an Orange mob in Belfast and an Anti-Parnellite mob in Tipperary after the split, for expressions of opinion in the leading articles of the *Freeman's Journal*, with which he, of course, had as little to do as the man in the moon. The result of his encounter with the Orangemen was that he was laid up for a fortnight. It is said that a telegram stating that he was killed was sent to the office of the *Freeman* in Dublin, and that the chief reporter, apprehensive that the paper would be left without any account of the day's proceedings, telegraphed back, "Have the body searched for 'copy'! If any is found, wire it at once." The story has not been authenticated, but the proprietor and editor, the late Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M.P., wrote his condolences to Mr. MacDonagh, and added good-humouredly, "I purpose to tell the Orange rioters in a leading article that they shall not intimidate me by murdering my reporters." As a reporter and descriptive writer

Mr. MacDonagh was also through the stormy Salisbury Parliament of 1887-92, returning to Dublin each recess, and was a member of the *Freeman's* staff of reporters that gave to the interested world the exciting debates of the Irish Parliamentary Party in "Room 15," which led to the downfall of Parnell in December 1890. The last great political event which Mr. MacDonagh assisted at in Ireland as a journalist was the burial of Parnell in October 1891.

In the following year Mr. MacDonagh took up his residence permanently in London. For some years now he has been a member of the *Times* Parliamentary Staff. He has already published a volume of the "New Irish Library," entitled "Bishop Doyle," a biographical and historical study of a noted prelate and politician who rivalled O'Connell on the public stage of Ireland during the second and third decades of the century; and "The Book of Parliament," which is a very interesting study of the human side of the two Houses of the Legislature. In his "*Irish Life and Character*," Mr. MacDonagh gives gleanings from the rich harvest of his Irish experiences and study, and hopes some day to utilise them still further in a novel of Irish life. P. H. McENERY.



MR. MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

Photo by Webster Brothers, Clapham Common.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS

When to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 28, 4.58; Thursday, 4.58; Friday, 4.59; Saturday, 5; Sunday, 5.1; Monday, 5.1; Tuesday, 5.2.

The National Cyclists' Union has, from first to last, done, perhaps, more to benefit cyclists than all the other associations, clubs, clans, and federations of the same nature put together. Now it announces that the arrangements, which have so long been under consideration, whereby members might be insured against accidents, fatal or otherwise, have all been decided upon, the result being that members of the Union during the present year will be insured to the extent of £50 for a fatal accident, and £1 a-week for five weeks during a total disablement. Of course, these insurances hold good in the case only of cycling accidents, but they are bound to prove a great boon to all cyclists who have intelligence enough to join the Union, and especially to cyclists who are forced daily to risk losing their lives or injuring their limbs by threading the traffic of London. At the meeting of the General Committee of the N.C.U., held at the close of last year, the secretary reported that, concerning the result of correspondence with the Chief Constable of Herefordshire in reference to the action of the police in dealing with cyclists who had presumed to wheel their machines on the footpath when the roadway was covered with loose stones, all had been satisfactory. Moreover, Mr. Balfour, President of the Union, had written to say that he would be pleased to preside at the dinner to be held in commemoration of the Union's coming of age. This dinner is to take place in London, on Friday, March 24.

A correspondent writes to say that he takes it for granted that I am "supplied free by makers" with as many bicycles and as many cycle appurtenances as I require, and he adds that he would be very glad to buy from me for cash the machines and appurtenances which I do not need. I take this opportunity, therefore, of informing this misguided correspondent, and other readers who may be suffering from mental aberration of a similar nature, that I have never accepted so much as a cycle-lamp from any maker, to say nothing of a bicycle, though I admit that I have been offered machines on more than one occasion. Naturally, I have exceptional opportunities of trying machines by different makers, but, then, the task of testing bicycles is not always one of unmixed pleasure.

During the last five years the increase of what may be termed journalistic piracy has increased by leaps and bounds, and, as a rule, the writers of the paragraphs and articles so "lifted" would be the very last to complain. For my own part, I am always pleased to see these cycling notes reprinted, which is well, for certainly some of the evening papers do not hesitate to lift paragraphs out of *The Sketch* three and four and five at a time without so much as acknowledging whence any of them are quoted. Lately, however, some of my evening contemporaries have taken to stretching a point by stating that the paragraphs taken from *The Sketch* appeared, in the first instance, in some Transatlantic journal. The *Sun* is but one of many of these offenders, and so recently as Dec. 14 last it reprinted one of my notes which I have already seen reprinted in no less than fourteen journals. The *Sun*, however, presumably in order to give it a fresh flavour, begins by telling its readers that "they tell this story in America." Perhaps "they" do, but "they" told it first in England.

The recent new set of regulations relating to the taxation of bicycles in France enact that the owner of every machine who has not paid the tax on or before May 1, and affixed to his mount in the prescribed manner the little metal tablet with which he is gratuitously supplied by a benevolent Government, will be liable to prosecution. The matter concerns English riders to this extent: that a clause of the law lays it down that foreigners entering the fair land of France on their wheels are only exempted from the formality of the tax and tablet if their stay does not exceed three consecutive months. To secure immunity from annoyance, however, such persons must provide themselves, at a cost of sixty centimes, with a stamped document called a *Permis de Circulation*, which will be delivered to them at the seat of Customs of the frontier station, inland town, or port at which they may arrive. The *Permis de Circulation* is valid for only three months, on the expiry of which the rider becomes liable, like a full-blown native, to the ordinary tax. As will be seen, the *Permis de Circulation* is simply an excuse for mulcting foreign wheelmen in the sum of sixpence apiece.

France and Paris may probably claim to lead the way as far as automobiles are concerned. During the present year, our neighbours have, it is estimated by a competent authority, turned out about two thousand automobiles. The same authority calculates that about one-half of the eight million vehicles employed on the other side of the Channel might, with advantage, be replaced by the new inventions. He puts the average existence of an automobile at ten years, and thus arrives at the conclusion that, when the industry has reached its apogee, the annual production for France alone may attain four hundred thousand. At present, an automobile is a somewhat expensive luxury, but, when the patents have run out, in a few years' time, the cost will be greatly reduced. Automobilmism has its sorrows as well as its joys. To dash along a smooth, level road at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour is a most exhilarating experience, and makes one think with a pitying smile of the old-fashioned horse. An automobile, however, that suddenly takes it into its head or its wheels to become immobile, is a weariness and vexation of spirit.

For an hour or two the thing has been going splendidly. Suddenly it has begun to jerk and throb in a most disquieting manner. Then follows a series of groans, after which it comes almost to a standstill, squeaking all the while. It spurts forward for a few paces, groans again, and finally stops altogether, absolutely refusing to budge. There is nothing for it but to get out and try and discover what the matter is. You open mysterious little doors, pull little levers, open little valves, rake little fires. At each operation the thing emits ominous sounds, ranging from a whirr to a shriek. An explosion appears to be imminent, and you look hopelessly at one another. "Sacré automobile! Mille tonnerres d'automobile!" says the owner in despair, trying to swear will do. It proves as ineffectual as everything else, and there is no help for it but to invoke the aid of one of the despised quadrupeds, and return home ignominiously. When the catastrophe occurs a hundred miles from anywhere the case is grave.

The small auto-cycles, with a seat either before or behind for the lady of the rider's choice, are in great vogue for a morning run in the Bois.

The New Rapid Cycle Company are evidently firm believers in long cranks and high gears. At the Crystal Palace Show they were strong advocates of this innovation, and as the company is one of the oldest in the cycle trade, and regarded as somewhat conservative in their ideas, the attitude they are now adopting makes us feel there is more in the suggestion, that it is a great improvement, than we have hitherto believed. Not only have the company pledged themselves to long cranks and high gears for men's machines, but they advocate, in no measured terms, the use of a 7-inch crank and a 71-inch gear for their specially designed New Rapid Cycles for ladies, which are on view at their London Dépôt, 65, Holborn Viaduct.

The question of a cycle-tax is ever green: it flourishes when the dreary blasts of winter have caused other cycling subjects to droop and die. The old arguments *pro* and *con* are trotted out. We are assured on the one hand that the tax would prove "a boon and a blessing" to cyclists if the additional funds obtained were expended on improved road-maintenance, while, on the other hand, an indignant wheelman protests against the tax on the ground that the bicycle alone of all vehicles does no damage to the roads. There is something in this argument, for unquestionably the wear-and-tear of a highway by a pneumatic tyre is absolutely inappreciable.

But is it not the cycling community who have clamoured more than any others for improved roads? It may be quite true that horsemen, pedestrians, and drivers would equally benefit. But the horseman would like a stretch of turf by the roadside, the pedestrian would prefer a *trottoir*, while as to the Jehu, a moderate amount of mud affects him not at all. So, clearly, it is the cyclist who will reap the greatest benefit; or rather, will appreciate it most; and I am convinced that a great number of cyclists would cheerfully pay a small tax were they assured that the sum so collected would be spent in each district on the improvement of the roads. I say advisedly the "improvement" of the roads; for, were the tax simply to be applied to road-maintenance, we should probably find the roads merely maintained in their present condition, and the additional revenue would only relieve the rates to a certain extent. Here is where the crux comes in, for the majority of cyclists are already ratepayers, and would naturally object to being mulcted in a cycle-tax in addition to the road rate they already pay, and yet no advantage accrue. Consequently, before we advocate the taxing of cycles, let us be sure that there is a reasonable prospect of our roads being improved, though the providing of such a guarantee may prove a difficulty.

The powers that govern the highways are by no means always friendly to the cyclist. Only the other day a District Councillor in Lincolnshire foamed at the mouth because these objectionable gentlemen who take their pleasure awheel had been the means of obtaining the universal lighting of vehicles in his county. Not only did he desire to repeal this regulation, but he would take vengeance deep and dire on the obnoxious cyclists, and suggested that "bad places" should be made in the roads on purpose to annoy them. "In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom," but evidently this does not apply to Lincolnshire.

A Norfolk vicar, on the completion of twenty-five years' service, has been presented by his parishioners with a bicycle. Two nights a-week he has been in the habit of walking a distance of seven miles in all weathers to hold service in a remote part of his parish. In accepting the gift, he assured his kind friends that the machine would prove an inestimable boon to him in lightening his labours.

Even the cyclists of Vienna are afflicted with the Anti-Semitic malady. They have formed a Christian Cyclists' Club, from which Jews are rigidly excluded. The Christian ladies of this Club have a section to themselves, and have adopted as their motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Does this refer to the rational dress which is to be worn by the members? If not, how does the motto apply?

It seems the sale of bicycles in France is going on as merrily as ever. On the first day of this year, 408,869 cycles paid the regulation tax, 79,389 of which hailed from Paris. To give an idea of how the number has increased in the last four years, it may be mentioned that in 1894 only 203,026 were registered. Authorities on the subject prophesy that in another four years the numbers will have doubled again, such is the constant demand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

SCULLING.

Mr. J. M. Gerald, of East London, carries on the best traditions of sculling in Cape Colony. He has been a familiar and well-known figure on the Buffalo River for some years past, and has won the Sculls since 1886. In that year he also pulled No. 2 in the winning boat for the Grand Challenge Cup, besides stroking the winners of the scratch race,



MR. J. M. GERALD, OF EAST LONDON, CAPE COLONY.

an interesting and popular event in the regatta. In 1890 he stroked the East London Rowing Club crew in the Grand, and, ably backed up by three good men in Messrs. Hoare, Cornell, and Fowler, won this event for his club. He has not confined his attention to rowing only, his other victories having been gained as a sprinter and walker. In October 1886, at the annual athletic sports, he gave a really good exhibition of fair heel-and-toe work, winning from scratch in 7 min. 43 sec. He has also won a similar event in Johannesburg, and at the latter place trained the winner of the first mile running championship of the Transvaal, Mr. John Murray. Hammer-throwing is also included in his range of accomplishments, and he is also the winner of an open boxing competition held in 1890. He, of course, performs entirely as an amateur.

RACING NOTES.

The entries for a very large number of races are due to close next Tuesday, and it can safely be anticipated that the Spring Handicaps will be well patronised, as, thanks to the open winter, the flat-racers have been kept running, so that all that is wanted is good handicapping to ensure big fields and plenty of speculation. I expect Mr. Mainwaring will frame the Lincoln Handicap, and he may assist Mr. Topham in adjusting the weights for the Grand National—a race, by-the-bye, that will, I take it, gain the largest number of entries of any of the Spring Handicaps. Mr. Robert P'Anson may give us the handicaps for the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan, and he can be relied upon to provide the usual Epsom puzzles. Mr. Ord, a very capable handicapper, may do the Chester Cup, and Mr. T. Hawley the Northampton Stakes, while Mr. Mainwaring will, as a matter of course, apportion the weights for the Jubilee Stakes.

A rumour is going the rounds of the Clubs that the Duke of York will have a few flat-racers in training next year. I do not think, however, that his Royal Highness takes such a keen interest in racing as the Prince of Wales does. I have watched the Royal Box when a big race like the Derby has been run, and I have noticed that, while the Duke of York seemingly took little notice of the race, his father was watching every detail through his glasses. The Duke of Cambridge takes the liveliest interest in racing, and he is very fond of watching the horses at work; so is Prince Christian, who is often out before breakfast when the Ascot, Goodwood, and Newmarket meetings are on. The Princess of Wales cares little for racing, but her daughters appear to be very much interested in the running, especially when the royal colours are being carried to victory.

Lord Falmouth will have several horses in training with J. Chandler, of Lambourne, during 1899. His lordship is a good soldier and a capital sportsman. As Major Boscawen, he used to follow the fortunes of the late Earl's colours, and it is said—though with what truth I know not—that he was one of the heaviest winners when Dutch Oven was victorious in the St. Leger. Lord Falmouth has for some years carried on a breeding stud, and now he intends to try his luck at racing. If he is only half as successful as his father, he will not, I am sure, be

disappointed. The late Earl, by-the-bye, never made a bet on a race, if we except the one occasion when he lost sixpence to Mrs. Scott, wife of the well-known trainer.

I have before mentioned that the bookmakers have been doing very badly of late, and those layers that have departed from the legitimate lines of their training have suffered most. It is strange that men who start life as bootblacks or card-sellers should—after they have made a few thousands and attained to a position of comfort through laying horses—want to blossom into owners, and attempt to bring off big coups, only to find themselves beaten at the new game. I have, for years, maintained that no bookmaker should be allowed to own horses. I do not say that there are no honest bookmakers as owners, for there are many of them, but I do think that the shoemaker should be made to stick to his last.

Sir Henry Hawkins has been a good sportsman in his time. As standing Counsel and Honorary Member of the Jockey Club, no doubt his opinions have been of the greatest service to our Turf Senators in assisting to bring about the Turf reforms of the last decade. Sir Henry looked every inch a Judge on the Bench, and he seemed a perfect horseman when riding his cob on Newmarket Heath, although he often preferred walking to see the early gallops. In knee-breeches, top-boots, lawn-tennis coat, and straw hat, carrying in his hand a white umbrella, he gave one the impression of being a prosperous owner of racehorses. All sportsmen will, I am sure, wish him good health and happiness in his retirement.

Racecourse sharps are fairly 'cute, but I am told of a case where they met with more than their match. A certain backer won a considerable sum, and the sharps tried to get at him. They invited him to a swagger lunch at a big West-End restaurant, and, after the meal, suggested billiards. Of course, they hoped to get a big sum by bets over the game, and at last he offered to wager 6 to 4 on himself against his opponent, when they all jumped up to take the wager. He replied, "You can all have sixpence to fourpence," then took his hat and bid them "Good-day," after thanking them for their hospitality. It is seldom "the boys" meet with such a reverse as this, but the pigeon was a "fly" one.

"The Badminton Diary," by Captain F. G. Manners (Scots Guards), published for some years by Messrs. Webster, of "Royal Red Book" fame, includes every sporting engagement of any importance on the days of the diary, and comprises racing, hunting, shooting, boxing, boating, and every form of sport, besides all the matters of an ordinary diary.

CAPTAIN COE.

BOWLING.

The bowling-green enthusiasm in South Africa receives some checks unknown at home. Look at this picture. The native is not playing at soldiers. He is driving "Voetgangers" (pronounced "foot-gangers") off the "green" of the Kimberley Bowling Club. "Voetgangers" are a species of small but very destructive locust. As this piece of green is the finest on the Diamond Fields, you may judge that the players were most anxious to save it from the insatiable "Voetganger." There has recently been



SWEEPING AWAY "VOETGANGERS" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

an unprecedented swarm of these unwelcome insects, and the only way to keep grass, &c., intact during their stay is to employ boys with sacking tied to sticks to "drive" them off. This is tedious, but fairly effectual, and you will be interested to learn that the green in the picture escaped much damage. "Voetgangers" are unable to fly, so the job is not perhaps so Sisyphean as might appear.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 11, 1899.

1898.

FINANCIAL FEATURES OF THE FADING YEAR.

"Extraordinary excitement is the father of bad business." The latest thing in proverbs has all the weight of proof behind it that the financial history of the present year can give, for events have succeeded events with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that, when a temporary lull has come now and again, the Stock Exchange has clamoured for a new sensation, disastrous to prices as many of the announcements have been. Peace, universal peace, on the one side, and on the other see Spain and America, Argentina and Chili, Britain and France. The tremendous popularity of Home investments, Lipton's, and Pease, and Doulton's, and in the next picture the failure of Chinese, Greek, Colonial, and Municipal loans one after the other. "Politics" has been the pass-word of the year, and it is doubtful whether politics ever exercised so gloomy an influence over prices as they have during 1898. War, red war, has constantly overhung the markets, and public men, both at home and abroad, seem to have coalesced for the benefit of the "bear" brigade. Yet there are a good many rises to chronicle, after all. We propose to give a short sketch of the various markets, comparing prices of the day preceding Christmas Eve this year with those of Dec. 31, 1897, so as to present a bird's-eye view of the changes that have taken place in a few representative securities out of each department. We will begin with

CONSOLS AND INVESTMENT STOCKS.

Consols touched their lowest price on Black Tuesday, Oct. 25, when, for a couple of hours, war with France was almost confidently expected and the underwriters at Lloyd's were busily at work doing "war risks." On that day the price of Goschens fell to 106 $\frac{3}{4}$. The Bank Rate, for the second time this year, had been raised to 4 per cent. a few days previously, the move being considered in some quarters as a political event, and to sell anything at all gilt-edged was a matter of difficulty. A smart rebound followed the loosing of the tension, but the incident forms the most striking feature of the year. Money, on the whole, has been inclined to harden, although, through the early summer, a plethora of loanable cash was sufficient reason for reducing the Bank Rate to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at the end of June. New issues have taken a certain amount of the floating supply, India being very successful with her July loan, but it has not been a "promoter's year," and a good many likely enterprises have hung fire. To return to our prices, however. This is the first list—

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 23, 1898.	Change.
Consols	113	110 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
India 3 per cent. ...	109	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rupee Paper	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	62 $\frac{3}{8}$	- 1 $\frac{5}{8}$
Bank Stock	347 $\frac{1}{2}$	337	- 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Canada 3 per cent. ...	107	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
West Australia 3 $\frac{1}{2}$...	107	104	- 3

Every one of the above—and, as we have already stated, our selections are representative ones as far as possible—shows a decline.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Foremost among the year's events connected with the Foreign Market stands the fluctuation of Spanish Fours. It is probable that the price of no other stock all round the House has excited half the general interest which has been bestowed upon Spanish.

Argentines, despite the fall in the gold premium to a figure lower than has been touched since the Baring crisis, are finishing the year badly. The long-drawn-out trouble with Chili over the frontier demarcation has been the greatest cause for alarm, and even General Roca's acceptance of the Presidency has failed to entirely restore confidence. Italian stocks are still suffering from the depression caused by the bread riots which followed the infamous corner in wheat, but a reassured tone became apparent upon the recent announcement of a new commercial treaty between France and Italy. Our table shows some of the principal movements of the year—

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 23, 1898.	Change.
Argentine Funding ...	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1
China 6 per cent. 1895 ...	104	108	- 4
Egyptian Unified	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	nil.
Greek 4 per cent. Monopoly	35	49	+ 14
Italian 5 per cent.	95 $\frac{1}{8}$	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1 $\frac{5}{8}$
Mexican 6 per cent.	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 3
Spanish 4 per cent.	61	46 $\frac{5}{8}$	- 14 $\frac{3}{8}$
Turkish Group II.	44	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

Rises in Greek and Turkish stocks are largely due to the rearrangement of the countries' finances, but the "guaranteed" Greek loan in May met with a very cold reception. Brazilians have been adversely affected by a funding scheme, but Uruguay bonds have received a distinct fillip from the accession to power of the Cuestas party last November.

HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway Market enjoys the distinction of having been the deadliest dull of the active departments of the Stock Exchange during the present year. Speculation has shrunk to exceedingly narrow proportions, and investors have apparently been deterred from Home Railway Stocks by that continual fear of dearer money which has formed one of the features of 1898. Not that the year opened badly. In its first month the engineering strike was finally settled, and the dividend announcements were comparatively satisfactory. In April, however,

began the disastrous Welsh coal-strike, and in the following month came a heavy new issue of stock by the Great Western Company. The whole market shivered sympathetically at the fall in the price of Great Western Ordinary, and the August dividends did not help matters, but prices end the year considerably over the lowest levels reached.

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 23, 1898.	Change.
Brighton A.	181 $\frac{1}{2}$	179	- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chatham	19	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chatham Seconds	87	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Eastern	122 $\frac{3}{4}$	120 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Great Northern Deferred ...	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 $\frac{3}{4}$	+ 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Great Western	177	166 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western	204 $\frac{1}{2}$	201 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Metropolitan Districts ...	30	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland Def.	94 $\frac{1}{4}$	90	- 4
North-Easterns	179 $\frac{1}{2}$	181 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 2
South-Eastern Def.	115 $\frac{1}{4}$	106	- 9 $\frac{1}{4}$

The agreement between the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways was the excuse for heavy gambling in the two Ordinary stocks of the two companies, but the sanguine ones who bought Dover "A" have had to face bitter disappointment. Another bitter pill has fallen to Waterloo and City stockholders, the opening of whose line has failed to raise the price of their securities as much as they hoped. The Great Northern and City Railway failed to obtain sufficient subscriptions in June, and a similar fate has overtaken several other little lines. The year finishes comparatively well, and Midland Deferred, of which *The Sketch* advised a purchase at 85 $\frac{1}{2}$, are nearly five points higher.

AMERICAN, CANADIAN, AND FOREIGN RAILS.

The Yankee Market has absorbed the bulk of the year's business, and prices generally show a substantial increase. A slight panic in February followed swiftly upon the destruction of the *Maine*, a panic which, however, caused very little loss to London, owing to the smallness of the account which was then opened on this side. The "one-mule-boom" quickly revived the spirits of the few "bulls" who were left, and at the close of the war a strong upward movement set in. A 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend on Milwaukeees in September was considered a good sign, and, after the Republican victory at the polls, even the constitutional "bears" began to admit that Americans might be worth buying after all. Reorganisations have been less plentiful than usual, but, then, dividends have also been few and far between. Considerations of space permit us to list only a very few of the principal shares—

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 23, 1898.	Change.
Milwaukee	98	121	+ 23
Louisville	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	55	- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Norfolk Pref.	49 $\frac{1}{4}$	62	+ 12 $\frac{3}{4}$
Wabash B.	28	35 $\frac{3}{4}$	+ 7 $\frac{3}{4}$
Canadian Pacific	84	87	+ 3
Grand Trunk First Pf. ...	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	64 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 8 $\frac{3}{8}$
Mexican First Pref.	72 $\frac{1}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 2

Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunk stocks have occupied a large share of public attention owing to the rate-war question, which, commencing in February, was not over until November. Soon after New Year's Day, the anticipations of a Klondyke boom were responsible for a sharp rise in Canadas, but the excitement soon fizzled out. As regards the other Railway Markets, that for Mexican Rails has brightened up upon the increasing prosperity of the country, and the Nitrate Railways Company ends the year with triumphant traffics. Argentine and Brazilian Railways have been largely affected by the gold premium and rate of exchange respectively, and the Cuban lines are once more coming into favour after a natural period of deep gloom.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

It has been a year of great trade combinations, and the Miscellaneous Market has had reason to bless the movement. The business created by the emission of Lipton's, of the Fine Cotton Spinners, of Pease and Partners, of Doulton's, and Bradford Dyers, has largely swelled the number of bargains booked in the "Home Investments" which this year, in particular, have been so strikingly popular. The nervousness experienced by other markets more subject to financial and political considerations has been of great service to the dealers in Miscellanies, and we have repeatedly pointed out during the last six months the affection entertained by the small investor for companies whose operations he can watch with his own eyes. A remarkable development has taken place in the Scone and Butter Market, the acquisition last March by Lyons and Co. of their Throgmorton Street property having laid the foundation for a sensational rise in the shares of that company, an advance in which the securities of kindred undertakings have participated. It will be seen that even British Tea-Table shares have risen fifteen shillings during the year—

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 23, 1898.	Change.
Aërated Bread	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 2
Anglo A.	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Allsopp Ord.	163	147	- 16
British Tea-Table	2	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	+ 3 $\frac{1}{4}$
City of London Electric	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	23	- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Coats	63	71	+ 8
Harrod's Stores	5	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and West. Bank ...	59	61	+ 2
Lyons	2 $\frac{7}{8}$	5 $\frac{7}{8}$	+ 3
Spicers and Pond	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 2

The Market has been singularly free from misfortunes, but the Crystal Palace had to seek refuge in reconstruction early in the year. Among brewery concerns, the amalgamation of Watney, Combe, and Reid has formed the principal feature, nine million pounds sterling representing the

share capital. The Cycle Market was quite unmoved by Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy in June, and the *cause célèbre* had virtually no effect upon the Stock Exchange prices, although it started a boom in favour of Mr. Charles Duguid, City Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. A characteristic of the year has been the sharp movements in Electric Lighting Shares, due principally to the controversy that has raged between the municipal bodies and the electric companies as to whether the former should be allowed to compete with the monopolists in lighting their own areas. Remarkable, too, has been the rush of business in Russian and Fish Oil concerns, and Coats have risen eight points upon developments of the share-splitting scheme.

KAFFIRS.

It has been an uncomfortable kind of year for Kaffirs. In February Judge Kotze was dismissed; in March came the terrible tragedy of Mr. Woolf Joel's assassination; April saw a long decline in Chartered, although Mr. Rhodes was in that month re-elected to the company's directorate; May was overcast with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain on the political horizon; June turned out the *coulissiers* of Paris; July was very quiet, but its serenity was upset next month by the dead set made at De Beers. In September the purchase of Delagoa Bay was hopefully discounted, and a rise did take place all round; but October brought the Dreyfus Case and the Battle of the Blue-Books, and Kaffirs once more relapsed. The Rhodesian output announced in November, showing an average yield of $11\frac{1}{2}$ dwt. per ton, as compared with $7\frac{1}{4}$ dwt. of the Rand, was a strengthening influence to the Rhodesian Market, paving the way for a desperate effort to infuse a little public interest into Chartered Mines. The dividend declarations this month have been satisfactory on the whole, but there was a good deal of quiet disgust at the Consolidated Goldfields' five shillings a share only. Rand Mines have at last entered the dividend list, paying a pound a share. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of our list is the insignificance of the changes wrought in the prices of the most active shares—

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 23, 1898.	Change.
Barnato Consols	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	— $\frac{3}{8}$
Chartered	$3\frac{1}{16}$	$3\frac{3}{16}$	+ $\frac{1}{8}$
Con. Goldfields, S.A. ...	$5\frac{3}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$	— $\frac{3}{8}$
De Beers	$28\frac{3}{4}$	$26\frac{3}{4}$	— 2
East Rand	$5\frac{1}{16}$	$6\frac{1}{16}$	+ $\frac{7}{8}$
Jumpers	$5\frac{1}{8}$	$5\frac{5}{8}$	— $\frac{1}{4}$
Modderfontein	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	+ $3\frac{1}{4}$
Oceana	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	— $\frac{1}{16}$
Primrose	$4\frac{9}{16}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	— $\frac{1}{16}$
Randfontein	$2\frac{1}{8}$	$2\frac{1}{8}$	nil.
Rand Mines	$34\frac{1}{2}$	$34\frac{1}{2}$	— $\frac{1}{2}$
Shebas	$2\frac{1}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{16}$	— $1\frac{1}{8}$

The Goldfields Deep have amalgamated with the Consolidated Company; Deep Level mines appear to be justifying the expectations formed of them; the Barnato group was not permitted to suffer by the death of Mr. Woolf Joel, and the East Rand Company has benefited largely by the entry of some of its subsidiaries into the dividend-paying list. A general impression prevails that Kaffirs are bound to go better after Christmas; but, then, it doesn't always do to be a "bull" of the general impression.

WESTRALIANS.

Kangaroos have had a particularly unpleasant time of it this year. It is doubtful whether the rig in Northern Territories last February did not do more harm than good to most speculators. Lasting for a brief two months, the rise came to an ignominious conclusion with the beginning of the Market Trust's embarrassments. The touching faith of the public in Mr. Horatio Bottomley was sufficient for the reconstruction of his bantling, and within the last few weeks rumours have been current as to a *rapprochement* between Messrs. Bottomley and Whitaker Wright. Globes have fallen 32s. 6d., it will be observed.

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 23, 1898.	Change.
Associated	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$	+ $1\frac{1}{2}$
Great Boulder	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	— $\frac{1}{8}$
Hampton Plains	$1\frac{5}{16}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	— $\frac{1}{8}$
Hannan's Props.	17s.	5s.	— 12s.
Horseshoe	$8\frac{1}{16}$	15	+ $6\frac{7}{16}$
Ivanhoe	$6\frac{3}{8}$	$6\frac{1}{4}$	+ $\frac{3}{8}$
Kalgurli	$6\frac{1}{16}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	— $\frac{1}{16}$
Lake View	$11\frac{1}{16}$	$9\frac{1}{2}$	— $1\frac{1}{8}$
London and Globe	$2\frac{9}{16}$	18s. 9d.	— $1\frac{5}{8}$
W. A. Goldfields	$2\frac{1}{4}$	1	— $1\frac{1}{4}$

The better class of Westralians have indulged in wild fluctuations during the twelve months, but, with the exception of Associated and Horseshoes, have settled down to below last year's closing price in most cases. The industry is gradually winning its way to better times, and several satisfactory enactments have been passed by the Legislature in 1898. The absurdly inflated capitals of most West Australian Mining Companies tell sorely against the Market, however, and it is piteous to scan a complete list of Westralian prices, the majority being largely below their par value.

MISCELLANEOUS MINES.

The Kaffir "boomlet" in the early days of summer found a faint reflection in the placid waters of the Miscellaneous Mining Market. There was a slight attempt to galvanise into some sort of life the half-forgotten "twopenny-ha'penny shares," such as Graskop, Lisbons, and Balkis Land, but it was "the rise that failed," and now Balkis Land is once more undergoing reconstruction. Indian Mines have displayed a steadfast constancy to last year's quotations which their profits have made it difficult to altogether understand. The fall in Nundydroog, of course, has been occasioned by the flooding of the mine, whereby operations

were temporarily suspended, and a fresh issue of capital necessitated. Copper shares have improved with a bound, upon the better state of the market for the metal. These are our representatives among Miscellaneous Mining descriptions—

	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 23, 1898.	Change.
Aladdin	$1\frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{3}{8}$	— $1\frac{1}{4}$
Champion Reef	$5\frac{1}{4}$	5	— $\frac{1}{4}$
Mount Lyell	$14\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{5}{8}$	— $7\frac{3}{8}$
Mount Lyell North	$3\frac{7}{16}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$	— $1\frac{1}{16}$
Mount Morgan	$4\frac{1}{16}$	$5\frac{3}{4}$	+ $1\frac{1}{16}$
Mysore	$5\frac{1}{4}$	5	— $\frac{1}{4}$
Nundydroog	$4\frac{1}{16}$	$3\frac{5}{8}$	— $\frac{1}{16}$
Utah	$1\frac{3}{4}$	4	+ $2\frac{1}{4}$
Waihi	$4\frac{9}{16}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$	+ $\frac{3}{16}$
Rio Tinto	25	$30\frac{1}{2}$	+ $5\frac{1}{2}$

Startlingly stands out the drop of nearly £8 in Mount Lyell shares. The price at the opening of the year was within seven-and-sixpence per share of the highest touched, and the slump came like a thief in the night.

COMPANY LIQUIDATION.

One of the most interesting summaries which has been published recently is the annual report of the Inspector-General in Company Liquidations for the year ending Dec. 31, 1897. We could wish that the document were not twelve months behind the times, but, with such a mass of facts and figures to set in order, we suppose Mr. Smith cannot get his summary out earlier.

During the year 1897 we are told that 1587 companies went into liquidation, of which only 108 were dealt with under the Act of 1890. The number of new companies registered during the same period was 5229, so that the total liquidations amount only to about 30 per cent. of the new creations, while the number passing into the hands of the Official Receivers is so infinitesimal as to make one believe that the 1890 Act must be, to a great extent, a failure; an impression which is strengthened by the fact that the voluntary liquidations have doubled in number and the compulsory ones have correspondingly diminished. No doubt it is the old, old story of the failure, or comparative failure, of officialdom with which the administration of this country is filled. Public inquiries, the showing-up of directors, and the exposure of the wicked practices of promoters, are appreciated for the first few years, but it does not take long for the public to find out that these things cost a great deal of money, and, as a rule, lead to the recovery of very little; so the tendency gradually increases to revert to the old method. It is probably bad for public morality, but the majority of shareholders and creditors, we are sorry to say, don't care a fig for anything but their own pockets.

Mr. Smith's report explains the increase in the amount of vendors' capital which the liquidations of the year disclose, and which is one of the most unsatisfactory features in the recent developments of Joint Stock enterprise, and then goes on to deal with the defects of the present system, together with certain suggestions for improvement. Did space permit, we should like very much to deal exhaustively with this part of the document, but to do so here would be impossible. Until the accepting of secret profits by directors and other persons in fiduciary capacities is made a *criminal* offence, we feel confident that all Company Law reform will be mere tinkering. The impecunious director cares not a rush for being made to account in a civil action if he is found out, and the records of the Inspector-General of Companies Winding-up could show an astonishing record of barren judgments, if the whole facts were made public.

The report is well worth reading; but when we remember that for years the working of the department was in the hands of such a strong Judge as Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, and that the result is a steady increase in the number of voluntary liquidations and a corresponding decrease in the compulsory orders, we cannot help feeling that there must be a screw loose somewhere.

Friday, Dec. 23, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

HULEY.—(1) The shares are fully paid, and, therefore, there is no liability to pay more if the company is wound up. (2) It is a gamble, and, in our opinion, not a very attractive one, for they are really worth nothing. (3) The company is doing badly, was grossly over-capitalised, and we see no hope of the Ordinary shares ever having any intrinsic value.

O. P. Q.—(1) Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Preference shares should suit you. The dividend is guaranteed by the parent company, and appears quite assured.

J. H. B.—We have sent you the broker's name, although you did not comply with Rule 5.

SAFE.—Be careful in your Yankee Rail speculations, for everybody is a "bull," and it is not unlikely there may be a pause in the upward movement. You had far better take some of your profits.

We are asked to state that the capital offered by the Bradford Dyers' Association, Limited, was considerably over-subscribed in each class. The Ordinary shares were about four times over-subscribed, and the applications for the Preference shares and Debentures considerably exceeded the sums offered for subscription. It is said that Mr. Walter Judd, in whose hands the advertising was placed, is so delighted with the result that he is going to offer himself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, but we do not vouch for this.